

IN VICTORIAN
TIMES

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IN TUDOR TIMES

By EDITH L. ELIAS, M.A.

IN STEWART TIMES

By EDITH L. ELIAS, M.A.

IN GEORGIAN TIMES

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IN VICTORIAN TIMES

WITH SOME REFERENCE ALSO TO THE
TIMES OF WILLIAM IV.

*SHORT CHARACTER-STUDIES OF THE GREAT
FIGURES OF THE PERIOD*

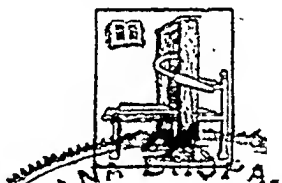
BY

EDITH L. ELIAS

AUTHOR OF

"IN TUDOR TIMES" "IN STEWART TIMES"

"IN GEORGIAN TIMES" ETC.



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GREAT BRITAIN

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TO
MY FRIEND
ANNE CARPENTER

by Mary Watts; Edwin Hodder's *Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury*; *Life and Letters of Newman*, by Anne Mozley; Francis Darwin's *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*; and *Forty-One Years in India*, by Lord Roberts. All these are to be recommended to the student desiring fuller details than are possible in the present volume.

EDITH L. ELIAS

Preface

THIS book forms a companion to *In Georgian Times* and the other volumes in the series. Owing to the vastness of the subject, it has been found impossible to include a section dealing with the literature of the period, but a separate volume on this point will be included in the series *Great Names in English Literature*, now in course of preparation.

Among the more important books which I have used for reference and other purposes are the following: Molesworth's *History of England*; *Letters of Queen Victoria*; M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times*; Greville's *Memoirs*; Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*; Morley's *Life of Cobden*; Trevelyan's *Life of Bright*; Froude's *Life of Beaconsfield*; Moneyppenny's *Life of Benjamin Disraeli*; Morley's *Life of Gladstone*; Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell*; Boulger's *Life of Gordon*; Butler's *Life of Gordon*; *Gordon's Letters*; Forbes' *Life of Havelock*; Blaikie's *Life of Livingstone*; Sir Lewis Michell's *Life of Rhodes*; *Life of Lord Lister*, by T. Wrench; Sir Edward Cook's *Life of Florence Nightingale*; A. C. Benson's *Life of D. G. Rossetti*; *Life of G. F. Watts*.

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EDITH L. ELIAS

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Much of William's early life had been spent in the Navy, where he had acquired a bluff, pleasant heartiness, more suited to the masculine company on board ship than to the drawing-rooms of a royal palace. But though he blundered he meant well, and the few superior folk inclined to curl a lip at his frank delight in his new position were forced to admit he was anxious to please and good-natured in the small, revealing deeds of life. He had a warm, affectionate heart, and he was a loyal friend. Kingship enchanted him, but it did not make him forget his old acquaintances, nor did it lead him into the folly of pretending an indifference about things which every one could see he enjoyed. His honesty and his bluntness won him many friends. He was too frank to make a good enemy, for the enmity that is without some touch of subtlety lacks stimulus and is apt to fade away; and certainly King William was not subtle.

Thus in spite of his commonplace character the new king found a firmer footing in the country than a more ambitious monarch might have won. The nation looked for nothing dazzling from him, either in intellect or in administration. Being satiated with the follies of the last monarch, they were well content to endure mediocrity in a sovereign who was neither vicious nor despotic.

In the matter of politics the new king declared he was an "old Whig." By this he meant to say that though he inclined toward some change he was by no means ready to go to extremes. His methods of progress were curious. After taking one step in the direction of reform he would take two backward, so that though he appeared to be going forward, in reality he was travelling in the opposite way. In his ministers he found small comfort. The Tories were continually preaching to him to keep a firm hand upon the people lest the fate which had overtaken

In Victorian Times

Phase I—The Kingship

WILLIAM THE FOURTH

"The King's good nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him are certainly very striking, and in his elevation he does not forget any of his old friends and companions. He was in no hurry to take upon himself the dignity of King, nor to throw off the habits and manners of a country gentleman."—GREVILLE'S MEMOIRS

THE death of George the Fourth in 1830, without any heirs, put the crown of England on the head of his brother, William the Fourth, who was then sixty-five years of age. The event was so unexpected that Greville declares the new king nearly went "mad with joy." As the third son of George the Third, it had seemed highly improbable that he would ever be able to call himself king. But George the Fourth's only child, the Princess Charlotte, died in 1817, and his brother, Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, who died in 1827, was without children, so that the sceptre was thus thrust into the very eager hands of the next brother, William.

At sixty-five William was not too old to enjoy the possession of power and all its trappings. When his coronation took place in 1831 it was a gorgeous and glittering show. Macaulay was an onlooker, and even his

colour-delighting eye was dazzled by the spread of magnificence. "No pageant," he says in one of his letters, "can be conceived more splendid. . . . Our gallery was immediately over the great altar. The whole vast avenue of lofty pillars was directly in front of us. At eleven the guns fired, the organ struck up and the procession entered. I never saw so magnificent a scene. All down that immense vista of gloomy arches there was one blaze of scarlet and gold. First came heralds in coats stiff with embroidered lions, unicorns, and harps; then nobles bearing the regalia, with pages in rich dresses carrying their coronets on cushions; then the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster in copes of cloth of gold; then a crowd of beautiful girls and women, or at least of girls and women who at a distance looked altogether beautiful, attending on the Queen. Her train of purple velvet and ermine was borne by six of these fair creatures. All the great officers of state in full robes, the Duke of Wellington with his Marshal's staff, the Duke of Devonshire with his white rod, Lord Grey with the Sword of State, the Chancellor with his seals came in procession. Then all the Royal Dukes with their trains borne behind them, and last the King leaning on two Bishops. I do not, I dare say, give you the precise order, the whole abbey was one blaze of gorgeous dress mingled with lovely faces."

In the midst of this gaiety William trod with a happy heart. But his elevation did not bring him elegance; and though he wore the crown, his movements were clumsy and his bearing awkward. The Queen played her part with grace and ease. Her manners were as perfect as William's were unpolished. Her features were so plain that she was almost ugly, yet she was queenly in carriage and gesture.

Much of William's early life had been spent in the Navy, where he had acquired a bluff, pleasant heartiness, more suited to the masculine company on board ship than to the drawing-rooms of a royal palace. But though he blundered he meant well, and the few superior folk inclined to curl a lip at his frank delight in his new position were forced to admit he was anxious to please and good-natured in the small, revealing deeds of life. He had a warm, affectionate heart, and he was a loyal friend. Kingship enchanted him, but it did not make him forget his old acquaintances, nor did it lead him into the folly of pretending an indifference about things which every one could see he enjoyed. His honesty and his bluntness won him many friends. He was too frank to make a good enemy, for the enmity that is without some touch of subtlety lacks stimulus and is apt to fade away; and certainly King William was not subtle.

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Louis the Sixteenth should be repeated in England. The advanced Whigs, on the other hand, were just as persistent in pointing out that the country had set its heart upon reform and would be contented with nothing less. Between the two, William began to find that though the crown glittered and was golden it was inset with thorns. In moments of ease he was ready to oblige the Whigs; and to comfort the people by showing himself ready to extend their power; but when the phantom of the guillotined King of France arose to scare him, he was as obstinate in his opposition to change as ever his father, George the Third, had been.

In this manner the monarch floated on through the first eighteen months of his reign, never quite comfortable in his mind about the crisis which every one could see would soon come to a head. Good-natured King William hoped for the best, by which he really meant he hoped things would remain as they were. But the current was too strong for him, and soon he saw his hopes of mildness dashed into pieces. For more than a century there had been a steady growth in the belief that the government of the country should be built upon the wishes of the people. The day of a 'divinely appointed' king was already over, and now the sceptre of the aristocracy was in danger. Great landowners were no longer considered the only men fitted to direct the country. For many years the families of the rich or the well-born had played a leading part; they had been a company of kings. Often enough their rule had been good and helpful, but it had never in any sense represented the nation at large. It had worked well because up till now the people had been willing to remain under the control of those who had been brought up to regard power as their natural inheritance. But recently there had been a change in the country. The develop-

William the Fourth

ment of trade had acted like magic on the public mind. Men no longer wanted to be ruled by a hereditary government, or at any rate to have a class which they should govern. In consequence the middle classes had begun to take definite shape, and the voteless cities and towns came to be regarded as a part of the government of the people. The people must have a share.

King William listened uneasily. He had been half in love with reform. The Reform Bill made him beat a hasty, timorous retreat. For firm ground he realized in his heart that the middle class had taken place in the relationship between the king and the nation; nevertheless he was still unwilling to give himself to the new circumstances.

The chief reason for this vast change in the position of the king was due to the growth of the middle class. The new machinery had given birth to a new class. The population was now doubling, and with it the prosperity came a class of citizens, not only in wealth far above the reach of the old gentry, but below those great families who had been the natural guardians of the land. The middle class began to make itself felt.

What the middle class now demanded was the vote. The King was not favourable to the advanced Whigs pressed home the matter. William was still unwilling to budge. The prospect of a revolution made him cling to the lords who were with him in everything. The people must have their way. It meant that the Reform Bill must be passed.

Thus within two years of his reign William was swept along in a current which he could not resist.

could withstand. After the crisis was passed he accepted the outcome with philosophical good-humour, wisely determining to leave problems alone and to get as much enjoyment as he could out of the very wonderful experience of being a king. His change of front gave great relief to his chief ministers, who had been kept in extreme anxiety by his obstinacy, fearing lest a revolution should really take place through the King's blindness to the intensity of the feeling in the country.

A sovereign willing to accept an inevitable change in a spirit free from bitterness was exactly the kind of monarch England needed at the moment ; and once King William had brought himself to the pitch of agreeing with the country, the nation and sovereign came into harmony. The leaders of reform were vigorous and determined, and though very desirous of upholding monarchy, they were firmly resolved to bring monarchy under popular control. Thus was passed one of the greatest laws in our land, the Reform Bill of 1832, by which for the first time in history the middle classes got a vital share in the government of the country.

The year of the Reform Bill marks a great crisis in William's reign. After the passing of the Bill the King never again played an important part in politics, but contented himself with the smaller duties of a monarch. He was always kind and pleasant in his relations with every one, and those who saw him often found a good deal to like in him, in spite of his coarseness and his want of tact. His enthusiasm for life was so keen that no one could be near him without catching the infection, and the Court was never dull. To the end of his life William was always alive to the pleasures of sovereignty, and when he died in 1837, if he left behind no trail of great deeds done, he left an impression of zest that not even the toils of

Lord Melbourne proved himself no less wise than King Leopold. His respectful, fatherly manner won the heart of the young sovereign, and genuine affection very soon sprang up between them. Soon after her accession Victoria wrote to King Leopold: "Let me pause to tell you how fortunate I am to have at the head of the Government a man like Lord Melbourne. . . . The more I see him, the more confidence I have in him; he is not only a clever statesman and an honest man, but a good and a kind-hearted man, whose aim is to do his duty for his country and not for a *party*. He is of the greatest use to me both politically and privately." This good feeling and esteem never lessened, and eleven years later Queen Victoria wrote sadly to her uncle: "You will grieve to hear that our good, dear, old friend Melbourne is dying."

The burst of enthusiasm which had marked the accession of Victoria did not grow fainter with time. Her earnest desire to be of use to her people was so plainly sincere that soon she was queen of all hearts. This affection was strengthened by the happiness of her marriage, which took place early in 1840. Too often royal marriages admit of little love, but even here Queen Victoria was a fortunate sovereign. It was suggested in 1839 that she should meet Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha with a view to an alliance. Prince Albert was her cousin, and he had already stayed at Kensington Palace. The two were very good friends, and the Queen was quite willing to entertain her cousin, but she was equally determined not to be forced into a distasteful marriage. To the King of the Belgians she wrote frankly: "Though all the reports of Albert are most favourable, and though I have little doubt I shall like him, still one can never answer beforehand for feelings, and I may not have the feeling for him which is requisite to ensure happiness." Early

VICTORIA

"I am sure that very few have more real good will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have."—QUEEN VICTORIA'S JOURNAL, 20th June 1837

DURING the latter part of the reign of William the Fourth it had been generally recognized that he would be succeeded by his young niece, Victoria, the daughter of George the Third's fourth son, Edward, Duke of Kent. There was, however, another claimant to the throne. Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, the fifth son of George the Third, protested that the crown should be his, on the ground that the male succession should be observed first. Public opinion was very strong against such a suggestion. As the daughter of the fourth son of George the Third, Victoria had a better claim than her uncle, and, though a woman, there was nothing in English law to forbid her the sceptre. The throne therefore became hers, while to the dissatisfied Duke fell the sovereignty of Hanover, which since 1714 had belonged to the English Crown.

This arrangement was doubly satisfactory to England. She did not want to keep Hanover, and she did not like the Duke. There had always been a strong national suspicion that the interests of Hanover were too much considered, and the Duke of Cumberland, with his rude, overbearing manners and his jealousy of the new queen, was well spared from a country that held him in no affection. Thus when Victoria stepped to the throne she found a clear path before her. The nation was still

pluming itself over the reforms it had carried through under William, and it was thoroughly prepared to adore and serve the young queen. William had not been a great king, but he had been popular with his subjects, and he had lifted the kingship from the ignominy into which it had fallen under George the Fourth. It was now Victoria's opportunity to give it dignity and lustre.

She undertook her task very bravely. In her diary she wrote simply: "I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country. I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good-will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have." Thus she made reigning from the first a serious business, and the habits of youth remained with her throughout her life. Plunged into public service before she had time to form foolish ideas about the pleasures of office, she grew up very much in earnest about her position, and devoted herself to the task of government as devotedly and as untiringly as the man who follows out the profession of his choice.

At her accession the Queen was but eighteen, and though she had been splendidly trained by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, she had seen very little of Court life, much to the annoyance of her uncle, King William, who had reproached the Duchess bitterly on this very point. But the Duchess of Kent was not a woman to be intimidated even by a sovereign. She had seen enough of the English Court under George the Fourth to realize that its influence might for ever harm a young girl, and she firmly refused to allow her daughter the liberty that William demanded she should have in view of her title to the throne. So the Princess had remained in Kensington Palace, more or less cut off from the circle which hovered round the King, but carefully surrounded by wise teachers and

guardians, to whose training she later on owed much of her success as a queen.

Victoria had a quick mind and a keen intelligence. She was quite willing to be taught by those she held in esteem, but she had also a point of view of her own, and once she had made up her mind she was in the right, nobody could move her from her decision. She astonished her first ministers by her dignity and her self-possession, and though she confesses in her diary that during some of her early interviews she was shaken with nervousness, she let nothing of her fears appear in her manner, which was invariably dignified and correct. Her letters and journals reflect very clearly this mixture of docility and decision. Toward those whom she loved and respected she showed herself a winsome, affectionate girl; but any one who roused her anger found her an imperious, implacable queen. This assumption of dignity grew with years, and made her particularly dislike anything flippant or ribald. Once when she was entertaining some guests, she noticed that some of those sitting at the end of the table were laughing very heartily. She inquired what the story had been, and very sheepishly a foolish anecdote was repeated. "We are not amused," said the Queen, and the merriment instantly withered.

At the beginning of her reign the young queen was greatly helped by the advice of her Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, and the letters of her uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians. The former she respected warmly, and the latter she regarded as a father. Her own parent had died when she was still a baby, and for many years she had been accustomed to confide in her uncle Leopold. His advice to her was always affectionate and sound, and as long as he lived Queen Victoria wrote constantly to him, consulting him upon any difficult point that arose.

Lord Melbourne proved himself no less wise than King Leopold. His respectful, fatherly manner won the heart of the young sovereign, and genuine affection very soon sprang up between them. Soon after her accession Victoria wrote to King Leopold: "Let me pause to tell you how fortunate I am to have at the head of the Government a man like Lord Melbourne. . . . The more I see him, the more confidence I have in him; he is not only a clever statesman and an honest man, but a good and a kind-hearted man, whose aim is to do his duty for his country and not for a *party*. He is of the greatest use to me both politically and privately." This good feeling and esteem never lessened, and eleven years later Queen Victoria wrote sadly to her uncle: "You will grieve to hear that our good, dear, old friend Melbourne is dying."

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in the letter she took pains to state that in any case she did not wish to be married for two or three years. But the coming of Prince Albert soon made her change her mind, and three months later she again wrote to King Leopold, stating she wished to be married at the end of February. "Indeed, loving Albert as I do, I cannot wish it should be delayed." And so the young queen passed from happiness to happiness, and after an engagement joyful enough to please the most romantic, she married Prince Albert on the 10th of February, and wrote on the 11th to King Leopold: "I write to you from here [Windsor Castle] the happiest, happiest Being that ever existed. Really, I do not think it is *possible* for anyone in the world to be *happier*, or *as happy* as I am."

The English nation as a whole was vastly interested in the royal match, but there were a few who carped at Prince Albert. They suspected he would try to exercise an improper influence on English politics, through the Queen, and they watched him with a jealous eye. No prince ever behaved better in trying circumstances than the Prince Consort in the first years of his life in England. In all matters of government he held scrupulously aloof, making it his business to help the Queen as much as he could in the innumerable small details of her office, but taking every care to show himself merely the 'Consort' of a monarch. The Queen loved him more and more dearly with time, and being anxious to give him all the prestige in her power, she waxed indignant every now and again over the criticisms which were showered upon him in the newspapers and journals. Amid this abuse the Prince Consort moved with serene front, secure in the knowledge of being blameless. Gradually his unobtrusive excellence made itself felt, and before his death he had become truly beloved by the nation which had at first eyed him with

considerable doubt. His quiet, reflective character was perfectly fitted to balance the stronger, more practical virtues of the Queen, and when he died in 1861, at the early age of forty-two, the grief of the Queen was so acute that she wrapt herself up in mourning, forgetting for a time even those duties to the country which she had vowed to make her chief aim.

The death of the Prince Consort removed from the Queen her greatest joy in life, and robbed her, too, of a skilful, unselfish adviser. In political affairs Victoria had suffered a good many changes since she first became Queen, but the main influence had been Whig. Toward the latter end of her reign there was a considerable alteration in the parties. The Whigs, becoming more and more thorough in their attitude toward reform, took the name of Liberals, and the Tories began to call themselves Conservatives. The Queen herself was anxious not to assume the opinions of either side. Her aim from the beginning had been to administer the country in accordance with the wishes of the people. She did not by any means always like her ministers, nor did she always approve of their actions, but as soon as she was convinced that the course of conduct they were urging upon her was thoroughly desired by the country, she was at once obedient to the finger of the nation. Though not without some of the doggedness of her grandfather, George the Third, she never attempted to follow him in his effort to dictate to ministers. Her safeguard lay in the fact that she came to the throne very young, and that she had been trained for public service by an unusually wise mother. She put on the crown deeply impressed with the belief that she had duties to fulfil, and that if she would serve her country most truly she must not govern after her own personal ideas, but according to the wishes of her subjects. Thus as a monarch

Victoria held the Houses of Parliament in greater esteem than any other sovereign before her. At the same time she kept a real hold upon the reins of government, and never for a moment relinquished her power. While making no attempt to exert her will and command, her influence on politics was enormous, and thus she adroitly strengthened the inheritance handed down to her by William the Fourth. William had succeeded in making kingship once more desirable in the eyes of the nation; Victoria established what he had begun, and, moreover, she threw round the throne an air of dignity and importance that not only gave confidence to her own people, but made England respected throughout the whole of the world.

With years the Queen's great popularity grew deeper, yet in spite of the love with which she was surrounded her life was five times in danger through sudden attack. But in each case these mad attempts to assassinate her were found to be the outcome of personal folly and malice. The nation in general was bound to her by a devotion such as few sovereigns have ever known, and as she grew older she became more and more the 'mother' of her people, as beloved as she was respected.

One great cause for this spirit of national content lay in the purity of the Queen's Court. Nothing roused Victoria's resentment more quickly than an ill-timed joke, or an exhibition of flippancy. She revered love with the enthusiasm of one who has fared well here, and she had neither patience nor indulgence to permit around her intrigues which would only have raised a laugh or a jest among the courtiers of George the Fourth. The standard she set was high, and it had its effect on the country. Immorality began to blush. A virtuous queen made a virtuous people.

The wise policy of submission to her ministers, which

Victoria had learned from King Leopold in her early years as a queen, was never altered. The great length of her reign led of necessity to many changes of government, during which the sovereign was brought into close contact with Prime Ministers as widely different as Melbourne, Peel, Gladstone and Disraeli. Toward Melbourne her feelings were almost those of a daughter, and later she became much attached to Disraeli, who was undoubtedly her favourite minister in the latter end of her reign. Peel had the misfortune to annoy her in his first interview with her, and she never liked him. With all her strong common sense, the Queen liked to be treated with the little shows of deference, and she was never fond of Mr Gladstone, who, she declared, talked to her as if she were a public meeting.

Her encounter with Peel has become historic. In 1839 the Whigs under Lord Melbourne were defeated on a question of foreign policy; Lord Melbourne resigned, and the Queen requested Peel to form a Government, though at the same time she added frankly that she was sorry to lose Lord Melbourne, whose conduct she heartily supported. In spite of this discouraging beginning, Peel began to form a Government, demanding in the meantime that the Queen should dismiss some of the Whig ladies in the Royal household, whose presence round her Majesty would be an embarrassment to the new Ministry. The Queen, who was barely twenty, was terribly indignant at the idea. She refused utterly, and in consequence Peel resigned and Lord Melbourne was thrust into the uncomfortable position of coming back to office "behind the petticoats of the ladies-in-waiting." The affair made a great sensation in the country, and something of the Queen's indignation may be gathered from her letter to King Leopold: "To my utter astonishment he [Peel]

asked me to change my Ladies—my principal Ladies!—this I of course refused; and he upon this *resigned*. . . . You will easily imagine that I firmly resisted this attack upon my power, from these people who pride themselves upon upholding the prerogative. I acted quite alone, but I have been, and shall be, supported by my country, who are very enthusiastic about it, and loudly cheered me on going to church on Sunday." From this encounter it will be seen that though Queen Victoria could be docile in the hands of those she respected, she could make herself exceedingly prickly in the hands of a minister who chanced to rouse her displeasure.

But though upon occasion the Queen could show herself haughty, there were times when she was delightfully familiar. This was especially so on the occasions when she was staying at her favourite castle, Balmoral. Here she would enter into the lives of her subjects with a grace that made her seem a friend as well as a sovereign. She was greatly interested, too, in the encouragement of bravery, and in 1856 she sanctioned the Victoria Cross for bravery on the battlefield. Even the small detail of a suitable motto was a matter for thought with her. "The motto," she writes, "would be better 'For Valour' than 'For the Brave' as this would lead to the inference that only those are deemed brave who have got the Victoria Cross." In the same year she wrote in friendly fashion to Florence Nightingale, declaring: "It will be a very great satisfaction to me, when you return at last to these shores, to make the acquaintance of one who has set so bright an example to our sex." By such acts of graciousness Victoria drew closer the tie between herself and her people.

The calamity of war, which on several occasions disturbed the peace of the reign, was always a grief to the Queen. Though fully determined to uphold the prestige

of the throne abroad as well as at home, she was never a ruthless monarch, and she tried where possible to follow the line of peace. Her wisdom became proverbial. Long years of government had taught her much, and experience, added to her natural common sense, made her unusually successful as a sovereign. Her Jubilee in 1887, after fifty years on the throne, was marked by the expression of so much love that it was more than a mere pageant. Ten years later the 'Diamond' Jubilee was held, and again the nation exhibited a delight that was as unforced as it was general. On that day Victoria, who by then was seventy-eight years of age, must have been a singularly happy woman. Three and a half years from this date, or early in 1901, the country was saddened by the news of her death, and thus was closed the reign of a sovereign happy, beloved, and great.

*" Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."*

Phase II—The State

LORD BROUGHAM

*" He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."*

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

KING GEORGE THE THIRD was still on the throne when Henry Peter Brougham was a school-boy at the High School in Edinburgh. He was a boy to attract attention. Not only was he strong and vigorous in body, but he had a mind to match his frame. His memory was extraordinary, and his brain teemed with rich and fantastic ideas. With these great gifts to assist him he developed a self-assurance that lasted firmly throughout his life and was never overturned either by the attacks of his enemies or the amused laughter of his friends. At an age when most boys stand justly in awe of their teachers, Brougham was ready to dispute with his instructors as with an equal, and so brilliant were his arguments on these occasions that his bouncing manner was often forgiven for the sake of his wit. In his pleasures he was as turbulent as he was thoroughgoing in study. When he frolicked he did it with an enthusiasm that upset all staid proprieties. 'High jinks' he used to call these adventures, and the name was well deserved. When the mood was upon him he would stop short at

nothing, and many were the practical jokes that he played upon his patient, and not always appreciative, friends. In this manner Brougham bounced from school and college into public life, full of force and excitement, and determined at all costs to make himself famous.

Born in 1778, he belonged to a family that could boast of long descent. He made the utmost of this advantage, and dire indeed was his wrath against any one who seemed doubtful of his claim to trace back a lineage to the days of the Emperor Antonius. Not content with this proud inheritance, he frequently used to declare that he could claim the ancient barony of Vaux, and so persistently did he cling to this assertion that on being created a peer in 1830 he took for his title Baron of Brougham and Vaux.

After leaving the High School, Brougham went to Edinburgh University, where he passed his examination for an advocate in 1800. He was not quite twenty-two years of age, and brimful of ideas. In choosing the law as his profession, he showed his usual cleverness. He had once thought of becoming a preacher and dazzling all Scotland with his sermons. He had also contemplated the picture of himself as a physician, sought after by the highest in the land. In both these careers he saw drawbacks, and finally he decided that law would allow him not only greater freedom, but give him more opportunities of snatching the flaming renown which he determined to win. His brilliance and his gift of repartee had already surrounded him with glamour in Edinburgh, but his eye was fixed on a wider field. Fame, he resolved, must be his.

In this spirit he visited London in 1803, and two years later he settled there altogether, having made up his mind to study for the English Bar. Stories of his eccentric doings in Edinburgh followed him to the English capital,

and he was soon familiar with most of the young wits out to find fortune and fame. In any battle of words Brougham was almost certain to come off victor, for he could suddenly confound his adversary by snatching up from the depths of his wonderful memory something that would triumphantly prove his point. So extraordinary were his powers in this respect that it has been said that if he had been "shut up in a tower without books, at the end of a year he would have produced, barring a few ludicrous blunders, a very tolerable Encyclopædia."

In politics Brougham decided to throw in his lot with the Whigs, but he had no idea of serving without recognition; he believed in his own value, and he thoroughly approved of the system of service and reward. He became a member of 'The Saints,' a society in favour of the total abolition of slavery, and in this way he won the regard of Wilberforce. Since 1800 he had been a member of the Faculty of Advocates in Scotland, but he was still studying for the English Bar. Meanwhile he used up his odds and ends of leisure in writing for the *Edinburgh Review*. He wrote as brilliantly and as carelessly as he spoke, and though he was not by any means always sure of his facts, he never hesitated to make an attack from want of knowledge. So headlong was his method that often his adversary would be left gasping, too overwhelmed by the sudden rush to perceive the weak points in the armour of his foe. In this manner did Brougham fling himself upon life, determined to capture the flower of renown, and ready to brandish defiance to any who stood in his path.

In 1808 he became admitted to the English Bar, and the road to success stood open. He surveyed the Houses of Parliament and decided that the next step must lead him there. Without a seat in Parliament he could hardly hope to find success enough to satisfy his imperious

demands, and accordingly he set about getting into the House of Commons. He looked to the Whigs for help, and complained bitterly of their tardiness, till in 1810 he was appeased by being made member for Camelford, a rotten borough in the possession of the Whigs. Brougham eagerly accepted the chance thus offered him and hastened to take his place. His party watched him in some alarm. They had heard many stories about him, and they feared he would prove a turbulent follower. He spoke almost at once, but to their surprise his speech was mild. They had expected denunciations; they found only excellent and restrained argument. Surprises of this kind continued to mark Brougham's career. Sometimes when it was expected he would roar loudest he was a model of mildness and urbanity. But these occasions were rare; the lion was not often a lamb, and the general attitude of the House toward him was much more that of Sir William Scott, older than Brougham, and himself a barrister of fame, who, on the verge of a speech, inquired cautiously: "How does the House seem? Is Brougham there? Does he look very savage?"

In Parliament Brougham's career did not at first advance very quickly, and it was not till 1820 that he made any serious advance on the road to fame. But in 1820 he publicly defended the unfortunate Queen Caroline of Brunswick. Though by no means a good woman, Caroline had done nothing to merit repulsion from a husband with the reputation of George the Fourth. By the side of the King's glaring vices Queen Caroline's grew pale. She had done wrong and behaved more than foolishly, but the cloak of justice sat ill upon the shoulders of the royal husband who now issued a command that the Queen's name should be omitted from all prayers in the Church of England. His conduct naturally influenced the

people on her behalf, and when Brougham, as the Queen's attorney-general, stepped into the Law Court in her defence, he made himself very popular. His practice as a barrister doubled and trebled, and he began to see himself swelling into the gigantic figure he had already in imagination flung upon the screen of the future.

The death of Queen Caroline, shortly after her foolish attempt to force a way into Westminster Abbey at the Coronation, was a great blow to the hopes of her attorney, but he had already succeeded in making his personality felt among the nation, and he did not despair of doing more in the future. This ambition was fully realized a few years later when he forced the unwilling Whigs to give him high office. Earl Grey, the leader of the new Cabinet in 1830, shrank from the prospect of Brougham as a colleague. But Brougham was not a man who would endure a slight quietly, and though Grey felt that the Cabinet without Brougham would be an infinitely more peaceable body, he also knew that if Brougham were left outside he would become a powerful enemy. Brougham knew quite well what was in the air, and he hastened to bring matters to a crisis by declaring in a threatening and purposeful tone that he intended to bring in the question of Parliamentary Reform on the 25th of the month, "*Whatever may be the then state of affairs, and whosoever may then be his Majesty's Ministers.*" With this dagger-thrust he strode from the House, leaving the distracted Whig leader uncomfortably aware that nothing less than office would satisfy his menacing follower. Accordingly Brougham was appointed Lord Chancellor, and thus he mounted to the place which his ambitious eye had long since marked as his. His elevation gave him the rank of a peer, and with a pompous satisfaction he announced himself Lord Brougham and Vaux. A few dared to smile at this reference to his old

claim to the barony of Vaux, but Brougham was far above the reach of chaffing tongues. His sense of humour was never strong, and hence his confidence in himself remained as firmly rooted as ever.

From the security of the woolsack Brougham now resolved to play a leading part in the question of Reform. Of late the country had altered very much. Great towns had sprung up; the population was growing; commerce was extending; and the people, their wits quickened by the developments around them, were demanding fresh consideration of their rights. The whole system of voting had grown corrupt. In some cases small villages sent up two members to the House of Commons, while the new big towns had no member at all; seats were bought and sold; there was no true representation of the people. The nation, absorbed in the business of making money, had been slow to recognize the injustice of this arrangement, but once aroused to the danger, it became firmly resolved on a complete and thoroughgoing parliamentary reformation.

Into this agitation Brougham flung himself with enthusiasm, to the delight of the reformers and to the dismay of the opposite side. William the Fourth, who was continually haunted by the spectre of the French Revolution, looked askance at the tumult, and was all for opposing the demands of the people. The Lords were solidly in favour of the King's opinion, and as ignorant of the nervous feeling in the country as his Majesty himself. As a result the Lords threw out the Reform Bill, though it had passed the Commons by a majority of a hundred. This high-handed treatment fanned the exasperated nation into determined rebellion and the country seemed on the point of civil war. To bring matters to a head the men belonging to the Birmingham Union declared they would march on London 200,000 strong. The King haughtily

retaliated that he "knew of no such body," upon which things grew so ominous that his Majesty, terrified at last, sent round to the Lords a vaguely worded letter which they understood was a hint to be absent when the Reform Bill next came up. They prudently followed the lead of the sovereign, and a thin House of Lords in June 1832 gave assent to the great Bill. The King ruefully added his signature and the Bill became law. By this means the government of the country was taken out of the hands of the aristocracy and given to the middle classes, but the working classes were still more or less unrepresented. Far-sighted men saw that the Reform Bill was not final; it was only the beginning of a thoroughgoing change.

Throughout this agitation Brougham had been a prominent figure. He had flung himself into theatrical poses; he had pleaded; he had implored; he had scolded. Even now one of his great orations is not forgotten—"matchless, overpowering and immortal"—so it has been called.

The noise of his great performance was soon known in the country, and when Brougham walked or rode through the streets he had the pleasant feeling of being as popular as he was renowned. But popularity is a fickle weathercock, and before very long the wind blew in another direction, and he lost his hold on the people and never again thoroughly recovered it. Nevertheless, while the sun shone, it shone royally. Every paper and journal heaped praises on the Lord Chancellor; the Law Courts were crowded with his admirers. Never did a man meet with a reward sweeter to himself. Never did any one revel more thoroughly in applause. From his coach Brougham saw street boys selling little images of himself, and the sight was very pleasant to him. He was exhilarated with his success, and for once his threatening eye gleamed with

the light of satisfaction. Having gained what he wanted, he could afford to be gracious, and friends and enemies alike noticed that instead of putting on airs of ceremony he became for the time being unusually considerate. His only sign of excitement was an indulgence in what he used to call 'high jinks,' which sometimes became so preposterous that his enemies declared him mad.

Upon the accession of Queen Victoria, Brougham hoped to be made Prime Minister, and he was bitterly disappointed to find Lord Melbourne in the post he coveted. But it was well for the young queen that she began her reign in the wise care of Lord Melbourne rather than under Brougham's brilliant but uncertain guidance. To fill up his leisure hours, Brougham wrote a great many essays and papers, which he afterward published in a collected edition of no less than eleven volumes. Several books also bore his name, including an account of his own life, but it is as a politician and not as a writer that he still lives.

In 1857 he helped to establish The Social Science Society and this brought him once more into popular notice. His splendid orations dazzled and delighted his audiences, and old men who remembered him when he had been in the full tide of power read his reported speeches and recalled his brilliant flights at the Bar, or in Parliament. This new flame of popularity was very sweet to a man who, since the days of the Reform Bill, had passed through a good many ups and downs. In the House of Lords his behaviour still gave a good deal of anxiety to his party, and it was never certain on which side his vote would go. But his waverings were only the natural expression of a character that was too brilliant to be stable. Brougham could grasp the details of a situation with amazing rapidity; and he soared to the clouds while those

around him were still painfully ploughing in the valley. Such agility made him envied, but it also set him at the disadvantage of outstripping his party, who, afraid to follow his bold and venturesome lead, looked upon him with terror and annoyance, daring neither to ignore him nor to follow him. Thus in spite of his magnificent abilities Brougham did not succeed in forming a party of his own, and though he lit up his own times with a meteor-like flame, he left less real mark on the country than many men of minor power. But his name will always be associated with the passing of the Reform Bill, and he is therefore entitled to an honourable place among the statesmen upon whose labours our modern system of government is founded.

He lived to extreme old age, dying in France in 1868, when he was almost ninety. His life was vigorous to the end, and though he gradually withdrew from public affairs, his personality did not wane with years, and when he died he was still as delightful and as exasperating as when he had made the Whig party tremble, or when he had made merry over 'high jinks' with his friends.

SIR ROBERT PEEL

"His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen."—DRYDEN

AT Harrow, in the early days of the nineteenth century, was a boy known as Robert Peel. He belonged to a family of well-to-do cotton manufacturers. His father represented honourably a class lately sprung up in England. Clever, thrifty, a hard thinker, and an indefatigable worker, Sir Robert Peel the Elder believed heartily in the statesmanship of the younger Pitt, and staunchly supported a policy under which trade had advanced at a pace that astonished even the most hopeful. For in spite of the war forced on England by the domination of Napoleon, and the taxation that the great struggle made necessary, commerce was flourishing. Two reasons lay at the back of this prosperity. In the first place, the establishment of machinery had been followed by a burst of trade that lifted commerce into a new and wider area; in the second place, England's importance abroad had made every nation anxious to do business with her, and all over the world English manufactures began to find a market. All this the elder Peel understood perfectly, and believing that much of it resulted from Pitt's government, he resolved that his son should be brought up to respect the party which had followed Pitt in his lifetime. For Pitt was already dead, having died at the age of forty-six, when the younger Peel was still a child of eight. Nevertheless, his influence still had a hold in England, and for twenty years after his death

the Government remained strictly true to his teaching. The Harrow schoolboy was thus brought up to reverence the politics of Pitt, of Portland, of Perceval and of Liverpool, though the quick eye of his father saw with a certain amount of uneasiness that the son was not inclined to follow any party blindly; he wanted to think for himself.

The elder Peel's industrial reputation, and his loyal support of the Government, in time gave him a baronetcy, but it did not take from him any of his simplicity or his dignity. He built a splendid mansion at Tamworth, and proudly asserted that it stood on a 'cotton' foundation. Into this atmosphere of good taste and common sense the holiday seasons brought the Harrow boy.

From Harrow, Peel went to Oxford, where he read industriously and made many friends. He was a tall, fine-looking young man; a poor horseman but a good shot, and a walker whom few could out-tire. Though fond of a book and his own company, he was neither eccentric nor morose enough to neglect the play of friendship, and many grew to like him and to value him as a companion. His chief fault was a passionate temper, which was always on the point of blazing up. To keep this in check, Peel, as he grew older, developed a reserved and forbidding manner quite unlike the real man.

Parliament was the goal at which he aimed, and in 1809, at the very youthful age of twenty-one, his father bought him the seat of Cashel and he became a member of the House of Commons. A year later he was given office, and two years afterward Lord Liverpool made him Secretary for Ireland, and he thus became fairly launched on the uncertain billows of political life. So far his views were of a kind entirely to please his father. He was opposed to any change that would give the middle



Sir Robert Peel
John Linnell
Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.,

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Two years later (1841) Peel met with the reward of long and tireless service to his party. With a solid body of followers behind him he came into office and entered upon a premiership that was almost royal, so complete was his power, so great the confidence he held. Nevertheless trouble soon showed itself in the air. Much rain, and poor crops, had brought the farmers into terrible distress, and from Ireland, where the potato crop had failed, came rumours of starving children and desperate men and women. Meanwhile bread was very dear, and in spite of the hard times there was a tax on every bushel of corn that came into the country.

Peel was now face to face with the problem of a hungry people and dear bread. What was to be done? The Protectionists declared that at all costs the tax on corn must not be touched; the Free Traders demanded that it should be swept away altogether. Peel was in favour of Protection, and he said as much in the House; but those who followed him most closely by-and-by observed a new note in his speeches. Peel was not quite sure of his point. His heart was kind, and he was appalled at the tales of suffering both in England and more especially in Ireland. Once again he demanded the right to think for himself.

Among the Liberal party a young man named Cobden was beginning to make his voice heard. He preached the doctrine of Free Trade; of cheap food; of corn without a tax. Peel listened, meditated, looked round, made inquiries, and meditated again, till in 1846 he came forward in favour of Free Trade, and himself moved the Repeal of the Corn Laws. A howl of annoyance sprang from the lips of many of his followers. They were outraged,

classes more power; and he was against the proposal to give a Roman Catholic equal rights with a Protestant. Thus strongly entrenched in a system of 'no change,' he was able to give his attention to some of the small but important duties of his office. In this direction the first thing that struck his keen eye was that ordinary pedestrians had little protection from passing ruffians who might harass or rob them almost unhindered. To take away this evil Peel established a band of policemen, who were nicknamed after him 'Bobbies' or 'Peelers,' just as Peel himself was commonly spoken of as Orange Peel, because he was known to be a strong Protestant. Though not exceptionally brilliant, nor a man of ruthless personality, such as Brougham, Peel advanced quietly on his way, making a lasting mark on the minds of those who came closely into touch with his work. All that he did, he did thoroughly. There was never anything shoddy about Peel. Whatever his opinions, they were his own, and he was not ashamed to confess a change of mind.

On three occasions in his life Peel braved public opinion by acknowledging that he had altered his views. The first concerned a question of finance; the second, Catholic Emancipation; the third, and most memorable, dealt with the Corn Laws. Very nobly did Peel carry out the principle that a man "should never be ashamed to confess he has been in the wrong; which is but saying in other words he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

It was in 1819 that the first of these occasions happened. Through the terrible demands of the Napoleonic war there had been a great drain on the money of the country, and the reserves of gold and silver had been largely used up. To meet this crisis the Bank of England as early as 1797 had begun to refuse to change their notes into gold.

This was all very well in reason, but in time notes began to be so common that it was suspected the Bank had issued more notes than the amount of money it owned, so that if there had been a panic, and everyone had demanded gold for his notes at once, the Bank would not have been able to pay its way. At first Peel had been in favour of the paper money, but when it continued for so many years he began to change his mind, and in 1819 he made a great speech by which he declared himself in favour of 'cash payments.' In consequence of this speech and the efforts of the 'bullion committee,' of which Peel was Chairman, the flood of notes began to disappear and gold took its place.

The change did not please everybody. The country had grown accustomed to paper money, and at first Peel was very much criticized. These attacks he met calmly. It had taken him a long time to make up his mind, but now that he was resolved, nothing could move him. In moments of criticism Peel showed an extraordinary independence. The boy who wanted to think for himself had grown into the man determined not to let anyone shape his conduct but himself.

Ten years after his famous speech on 'cash payments' Peel threw a thunderbolt into his party by proposing Catholic Emancipation. His views on this point were so well known that all except his nearest friends were startled. What was 'Orange Peel' doing? How could the member for Oxford University, the centre of opposition to the Catholic party, actually dare to propose the Bill? Did he really mean what he said? Would he be willing to give up his seat if needs be? Such were some of the questions that passed pell-mell among club-goers and city men. The Tories were indignant, the Whigs bewildered. But while among both parties the tumult boiled, Peel

himself remained unmoved. Though he now appeared as a champion of the claims of the Catholics, he was just as much 'Orange' Peel as ever. A Protestant to his fingertips, he had no sympathy with religious views that wandered off the beaten track, but he believed that the agitation had now reached such a pitch that to refuse to allow the Catholics their claims would be to provoke a revolution. As a statesman he therefore resolved to appear as the supporter of a bill which he privately deplored, believing it to be the only remedy against revolt. Very resolutely he held to his opinion, though from every quarter in England came cries of rage, incredulity, and disgust. Peel felt the storm keenly, but he had long learnt how to control his tendency to passion, and those around him at the crisis noticed no change in his cold, stiff manner. Did Peel feel the abuse, they wondered. But Peel never confessed. It was not his way to take other men into his secrets. He resigned his seat as member for the University of Oxford, then the stronghold against Catholicism, and after 1830 he sat as member for Tamworth, where he had lived as a boy, and where his own children now played.

After his astonishing conduct over the Emancipation Bill the Tory party eyed Peel with some doubt. There was no knowing what his next move might be. He appeared to be opposed to the agitation for a Reform Bill, but was he really sound over it? No one dared to say, though the keenest eye failed to detect here any sign of a leaning toward the Whigs.

On the point of Reform, however, Peel was as firm as a rock. His father had just died and the son now stood in his place as 'Sir' Robert, but had the elder Peel been alive, even he would have been satisfied with the same views on this point. Peel dreaded Reform. He was

much of a mathematician to enjoy change. He liked to know beforehand what the result would be; and his keensighted eye now saw very clearly that the Reform Bill would produce changes that would end no one knew where. Such legislation he abhorred. He demanded at least some idea of where he was going, and he deeply distrusted the lead of democracy. His cautious spirit shrank from a leap in the dark, and he therefore planted his feet firmly on the old ledge and refused to be enticed into further adventure. His steadiness gradually won back for him the confidence of the Tories, who had been disgusted at his behaviour over Catholic Emancipation, and little by little he found himself the leader of a party pledged at all costs to support constitutional government.

The words 'Tory' and 'Whig,' so long familiar badges, had latterly been used so often in gibe that after the passing of the Reform Bill they were largely discontinued. The Whigs now became 'Liberals' and the Tories called themselves 'Conservatives.' Among the latter Peel was the moving spirit, and when his party came into power in 1834 he naturally became Prime Minister. A few months later the ministry fell, and Peel gave way to Melbourne and the Whigs, till a sudden opportunity in 1839 put power again into his fingers. Queen Victoria, young, and devoted to Melbourne, met Peel with a coldness that was not encouraging. He blundered by desiring her to dismiss her Whig ladies-in-waiting. The young queen suspected him of trying to bully her. She refused in her haughtiest manner, whereupon Peel also refused: if the Whig ladies were to remain, then he would not be Prime Minister. This trifling incident greatly excited the nation and Peel found himself roundly abused. He remained unmoved. Criticism could seldom touch this man, though a chance word from a friend sometimes threw him into a passion.

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disgusted, indignant. In revenge the more bitter resolved to turn on their chief, and they made up a plan for his overthrow. Peel was aware of their enmity, but he remained quite calm. The man who had had the courage of his opinions over the question of Cash Payments and over Catholic Emancipation was well seasoned to turn a deaf ear to criticism. He steadily held to his point, while the younger members in his party muttered and whispered.

With Peel behind them the Free Traders now carried the bill through the House of Lords in 1846. The Corn Laws were repealed, and it was decided that the tax on corn should be gradually removed. Again Peel had 'thought for himself,' and again he had triumphed. But he was a leader without an army. He looked round for his followers. There were none.

On the very day the Repeal of the Corn Laws was carried through the House of Lords, Peel was defeated in the House of Commons on an Irish Bill. This disaster was largely due to the efforts of the younger Conservatives, who, to revenge themselves on their leader, voted with the Opposition. Peel promptly resigned, and thus passed swiftly from triumph to defeat. But though he had been beaten in the Commons, the country was ready to do him homage. He had gained more than he had lost, and, had he wished it, he might easily have become the head of a great, popular party. Such prospects held no temptation for him. He was still opposed to democracy, and he had too much individuality to please a mob.

Four years later he died through a fall from his horse. His death was a blow to Whigs as well as Tories, and on both sides there was sorrow. It was proposed that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, but the honour was refused. Peel had never had any craving for decorations. He had refused the Garter and a peerage, preferring to

be bound neither by the opinions of a party nor by the social restrictions of rank. Honourable in his conduct, intrepid in his thought, and fearless in his deeds, a faithful friend, and an unselfish administrator, his greatest glory lies in the fact that he was a man who followed fearlessly what he held to be right. No man ever yielded less to the mob than he; few have distrusted democracy more. Yet he did more for the people than many a philanthropist in that "he gave the people cheap bread."

LORD PALMERSTON

"Panting Time toiled after him in vain."—DR JOHNSON

BORN in 1784, the eldest son of an Irish nobleman, Henry John Temple was only eighteen years of age when the death of his father, second Viscount Palmerston, made him a peer. Though still little more than a boy, he was full of energy and resolution, and his new responsibility stirred the ambition that glowed within him. Always self-reliant, he now coveted power, not from any desire of bettering a fortune already sufficient, but because power could supply a thrill which he longed to enjoy.

He saw in politics the easiest and most natural opening for his talents, and in 1807 he became a member of the House of Commons. Neither party held him very closely in grip, but he professed to follow the Tories, and before he had been in the House two years he was flattered and astonished by an offer from Perceval, the Prime Minister, inviting him to become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Palmerston was delighted at the compliment, but he resolutely refused the office. He was completely ignorant of finance, and though as Chancellor of the Exchequer he would have been able to enjoy power, he was too honest to undertake duties beyond his reach. He therefore contented himself with the post of Secretary for War, and here he remained for some twenty years, quietly doing his business, but not attracting very much notice in the House of Commons, where he passed for a quiet, hard-

working member, capable of speaking well but not eloquently, and rather too fond of covering good sense in a dress of flippancy.

Such was Palmerston within the House; outside it he was a very different individual. He dressed fashionably, and he lounged about as if he had nothing in the world to do except yawn and frivel. He met everything with a joke on his lips, exhibiting a flippancy that was as much an affectation as his appearance of idleness. He liked to shock industrious and solemn people by his drawling comments and his air of boredom. The more he irritated them, the more he enjoyed it. They took him for a clown and an idler. How were they to know that this trifling, fashionable man, with his eternal jokes and his mocking manner, was at heart as much in earnest as any of them? or that he got through as much work as they did, the difference being that he pretended all the time to be playing, while they were only anxious to parade the signs of their labour? Thus Palmerston fell between two stools. The really idle distrusted him because they knew he was not one of themselves; the sober disliked him because of his flippancies.

Among those who were inclined to regard him with suspicion were both Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. When the Queen came to the throne in 1837 she found Palmerston enjoying a good deal of power. Since 1828 he had ceased to follow the Tory party, and now counted himself a Whig, which change was rewarded in 1830 by Earl Grey, who gave him a place in the Cabinet as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This post was precisely suited to Palmerston's abilities. He was keenly interested in the history of the Continental nations, and his bold spirit was admirably suited for dealing with foreign difficulties. Here at last he found the power which he had long yearned

to possess. Having got it, he resolved to enjoy it to the full, and thus he entered upon his new career, intrepid and full of zest, ready to grapple with difficulty, but determined to grapple alone. It was this last intention which aroused Queen Victoria's alarm, and made the prudent Prince Consort eye him with suspicion.

At the time when Palmerston took up his new duties the condition of Europe was very unsettled. In 1830 France had thrown over her Bourbon king, Charles X, and made Louis Philippe a 'citizen' king. Other countries felt the influence of the revolution; the Netherlands were unsettled; Portugal was in arms. In these circumstances Palmerston's policy was to make a bond of friendship between France and England, and to keep a watchful eye on the movements of Russia, who was suspected of designs on Turkey. If Russia got Turkey, then she would hold the key to the East. This Palmerston was resolved to prevent, and he looked to France to help him in his efforts. With so much hanging in the balance, Palmerston's post became necessarily of the very greatest importance. Wisely guided, England might emerge from the crisis with heightened prestige; but a reckless touch might plunge her into disaster. It was this reckless touch which Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort feared from Palmerston; for prudence was certainly not among his virtues.

There was nothing which displeased Queen Victoria so much as neglect from a Minister to inform her of the contents of any important despatch. She insisted on being consulted on every detail, and it was here that Palmerston failed. His own mind worked very quickly, and once he had come to a conclusion he wasted no more thought upon the matter in hand. Such behaviour pleased neither the Queen nor Prince Albert. The Queen liked to make herself mistress of every detail before ex-

pressing her opinion ; and Prince Albert, with his prudent, judicial mind, hated to be hurried into any line of conduct without long and deliberate thought. Palmerston's rapidity was thus the source of a good deal of Royal irritation, and on several occasions the Queen complained tartly, and not without reason, of her Minister's inclination to act entirely by himself. "The Queen is surprised that Lord Palmerston should have left her uninformed of so important an event," began to be almost a common phrase in her letters, and by-and-by the indignation deepened into anger, first over Palmerston's attitude to Kossuth, and secondly over his relations with France after the memorable *coup d'état* in 1851.

On the first of these occasions Palmerston gave way. Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who was agitating that Hungary should throw off the rule of Austria, came to England in the autumn of 1851. He proposed to pay a private visit to Palmerston, and the Queen rightly believed that if Palmerston were to see him, the visit would be taken as a sign that England was ready to support Kossuth's aims. She wrote to Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, declaring :

"The Queen concludes Lord John Russell has read the accounts of Kossuth's arrival in to-day's papers. She wishes Lord John could still try to prevent Lord Palmerston from receiving him. The effect it will have abroad will do us immense harm."

Lord John Russell did his best to control his reckless colleague, but to his entreaties Palmerston replied shortly :

"There are limits to all things. I do not choose to be dictated to as to who I may or may not receive in my own house."

This reply so exasperated her Majesty that she wrote

back to Lord John: "The Queen refrains from any expression upon Lord Palmerston's conduct in this matter, as Lord John is well aware of her feelings."

After a good deal of Royal correspondence, however, Palmerston requested Kossuth not to pay the intended visit, and matters were for a time healed. But his indiscretion soon broke out again, and this time it led to his undoing. The cause lay in France, which in 1848 had overthrown Louis Philippe and set up a Republic with Louis Napoleon as its chief. For three years all went well, but under Louis Napoleon's phlegmatic manner lay a spark of the spirit of his grandfather, the great Napoleon. He laid his plans well, and in 1851 he shocked the whole of Europe by seizing Paris and proclaiming himself Emperor of France.

Queen Victoria was terribly disturbed at the news, and most anxious that England should make no sign of any sort. Her anger was therefore extreme when a message from the French Government brought the information that Lord Palmerston had already given the Republic an assurance of sympathy. In reply to inquiries, Palmerston protested he had spoken casually and as a private individual, but that did not mend matters much. Resignation was the only apology he could make for his imprudence, and in December he left the Government. His opponents saw him go with glee, and so complete was his overthrow that Disraeli remarked maliciously to a friend: "There was a Palmerston." No one felt his absence with more relief than the Queen, to whom he had been a constant thorn in the flesh. Out of a full heart she wrote to her uncle, King Leopold: "He brouilléd us and the country with everyone. . . . It is too grievous to think how much mischief and misery might have been avoided. However, now he has done with the

Foreign Office for ever, and 'the veteran statesman,' as the newspapers, to our great amusement and I am sure to his infinite annoyance, call him, must rest upon his laurels."

Little did Queen Victoria imagine that the man now ignominiously leaving the Government would a few years later become Prime Minister.

For a year or two after his disastrous behaviour toward France, Palmerston fell completely out of public notice, and it was not till 1854 that he again became a prominent figure. This time it was the Crimean War that brought him glory. For years he had studied the movements of Russia and Turkey, and when Russia began to show signs of interfering with Turkey, Palmerston urged that England should at once prepare to show opposition. He declared that if Russia should get power over Turkey then the whole of our Eastern possession would be in danger. Whatever may be said now, this view was then popular, and when England and Russia actually found themselves engaged in the Crimean War there was a great deal of public satisfaction in England. But the feeling did not last long. Things went wrong in the Crimea. The cold was intense; the soldiers fell ill; the army supplies either did not arrive, or else when they did come they were largely worthless. Unscrupulous men made huge fortunes out of the country for goods that were shamefully bad. Every day added to the list of scandals, and the Government, under Lord Aberdeen, was timid, and incapable of dealing with the situation.

This was Palmerston's moment, the moment in which the whole of his life came to a culmination. The public instinctively turned to him, and in 1855 he became Prime Minister.

The Crimean War was a heavy burden, but Palmerston

accepted it cheerfully. The popular enthusiasm for it had long since died out, and it was with feelings of thankfulness that everyone heard in 1856 that peace had been signed at Paris. Twenty-four thousand English had been killed in the war, but only about one-sixth of these had fallen in battle; bitter weather, neglect, lack of food and clothing had killed the rest. In addition to this terrible loss of men, the National Debt was £41,000,000 larger; and yet England had gained practically nothing.

In the midst of this gloom Palmerston continued to advance along the path of popularity, till he fell from office in 1858 through an ill-advised bill making Conspiracy to Murder a felony. But a year later he was back again, Prime Minister once more, and stronger than ever. Even Queen Victoria this time welcomed him heartily. She had lost a good deal of her old distrust of him, and though to the end of his career he did things that annoyed her excessively and made her write curt, indignant remonstrances to him, to some degree she had confidence in him.

Though Palmerston was now an old man he had not lost his vigour. He could still speak for hours without a note; his mind was as alert, and his decisiveness as great as ever. He had been in the House so long that he could tell precisely the frame of mind of the men around him, and though he was never an impassioned or eloquent speaker, he knew exactly how to appeal to his audiences. He did not tire his hearers with fine phrases, but he gave them plain, practical common sense. His conclusions often appeared to be rash, but to some extent this was because he thought so quickly. While others were still looking for the path, Palmerston arrived. His mind always travelled express, and it knew no stopping-places. The old opinion of him as a flippant, idle person had long been forgotten. He still liked joking, but it was evident he

was also a worker. No one who had watched his career could doubt his energy; no one with any sense of humour could be long offended with a man so full of courage and so free from malice. His conduct often annoyed, but it was without bitterness and spite.

Up to 1865 he was still Prime Minister, but in that year he died. He was nearly eighty-one years of age, and during his lifetime he had seen England pass from a period of anxiety and crisis to security and peace. He had seen the Reform Bill become law; the Corn Laws repealed; many humanitarian improvements set on foot; the uprising and consolidation of the prosperous middle classes; and the acceptance of a constitution by which the country became governed by the Houses of Parliament, acting in accordance with the wishes of the nation, and influenced, but not controlled, by the Crown.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, FIRST EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

"Nor can a man any more live, whose desires are at an end, than he whose sense and imaginations are at a stand. Felicity is a continual progress of the desire, from one object to another, the attaining of the former being still but the way to the latter."—HOBBS

BENJAMIN DISRAELI was born into a happy home. He had a book-loving father, and a gentle, affectionate mother. There were four children in the family; Benjamin, born in 1804, was the second child but the first boy. The four children had a happy time together, though there were occasional storms when Benjamin wanted his own way and was determined to get it. He was a noisy, lusty boy, full of high spirits and ready for any kind of prank, not considerate toward others, nor easily persuaded into giving up anything upon which he had set his heart. When he was fifteen he was sent away to a boarding-school at Walthamstow. He was a Jew by birth, and a century ago a Jewish boy at an English school had to be prepared for a good deal of persecution. However, a few weeks before Disraeli went to Walthamstow, the whole of the Disraeli family became members of the Church of England, and school thus lost some of its terrors. In any case Disraeli was not the boy to submit meekly to insult. He was always ready to fight a foe, and the schoolfellow who dared to poke fun at him needed to do it warily. The Jewish boy had plenty of courage, and asked no one to fight his battles for him.



Benjamin Disraeli
Sir John Millais
Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

Cabinet. Disraeli was bitterly disappointed. Worse still, he made his annoyance known in a letter which he wrote to Peel. But Peel was not the man to be bullied; he continued to keep Disraeli at arm's-length, and a coolness sprang up which at last became almost dislike.

Checkmated in Parliament, Disraeli fell back upon his pen. Here at last he could be unfettered, and he threw himself into writing *Coningsby*. It was published in 1844 and swept fashionable London off its feet. "I have just finished it," wrote a friend. "What can I say, or write, or think? I am so dazzled, bewildered, tipsy with admiration the most passionate and wild!" It was the same thing everywhere, and Disraeli exultingly drank his fill of fame. Next year (1845) *Sybil*, a novel dedicated to his wife, roused a new chorus of praise, and even Disraeli was for the time being satisfied. He could afford to forgive Peel for his niggardly treatment, but at the same time he felt no great necessity of being loyal to him. Thus when he began to realize that the Conservative leader was drifting more and more to the side of Free Trade, Disraeli began to see a chance of heading a new party in an attack which nobody could say was unjust, since Peel was going flatly against the acknowledged principles of his followers in pressing for the removal of the duties on corn. Disraeli mockingly declared that Peel had "caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes," and the laughter in the House showed that the point had gone home. In the following year (1846) Peel carried the Repeal of the Corn Laws, but he did it at the expense of finding himself without a party. He looked round for his followers and found but few; nearly all had gone off after the piper Disraeli.

Now that Peel was overthrown, Disraeli was in a strong position, and from 1846 till his death he was very much in

This spirit of independence was always one of Disraeli's outstanding characteristics. He fought his way into Parliament, and once there he held his ground, undaunted. Many times he was up against foes, but he never sought any one's help. Men might jeer at his affectations, at his designedly fantastic dress, at his almost comic airs of importance, but they could find no weak spot in his courage. He was ready either for one or for all.

At school Disraeli made a distinct impression in spite of the fact that he was no hard worker. His personality was strong, and he swept into his train boys of all sorts, who were willing to follow a leader who knew very distinctly what he wanted to do. Decision is one of the qualities most needed for command, and Disraeli had this in plenty.

On leaving school he looked about for some means by which he could become great. Other men had hit the mark in youth, why not he? And so he cast about, hoping for some opportunity by which he might astonish the world. Meanwhile he condescended to work for a time in a solicitor's office. The thought of Parliament was constantly in his mind. Along that line, he decided, lay the short cut to greatness.

By the time he was twenty, Disraeli was growing impatient that greatness had not thrust itself upon him, and he therefore resolved to open the oyster of fame with his pen. With this intention he wrote *Vivian Grey*, a novel, which was published in 1826. It had quite a pleasing success, and Disraeli could whisper to himself that at twenty-two few had made more stir.

His ambition, however, was still far from satisfied, and the first sip of success only made him long for more. But a spectre arose in his path. Ill-health began to dog him, and even Disraeli had to yield to this foe. He very cheerfully gave up his work at the solicitor's office and went

abroad, hoping that travel would make him better. With the success of *Vivian Grey* to herald his way, he was able to assume some of the consequence of a man of letters, and his pale face, black curly hair, dark eye, and quick, nervous mouth, gave him a romantic and interesting air. He was well aware of the touch of oddity in his appearance, and he deliberately heightened the effect by wearing gaily coloured, extraordinary clothes. By these means he would draw all eyes upon him as a mountebank, and then, when he had fully gained the attention of all around him, he would suddenly throw out a brilliant remark, which would surprise his hearers into admiration, and so bring him triumph.

Underneath all Disraeli's odds and ends of flippancies and affectations lay a warm, affectionate heart. He was particularly devoted to his sister, Sarah, and the end of his journey to the Continent was saddened by the sudden death from small-pox of the companion travelling with him, William Meredith, who was about to be married to Sarah Disraeli. In his despair Disraeli wrote a characteristic letter to his sister. "Yes, my beloved," he wrote, "be my genius, my solace, my companion, my joy. We will never part, and if I cannot be to you all our lost friend was, at least we will feel that life can never be a blank while gilded by the perfect love of a sister and a brother." Even when truly grieving for the sorrow of others, Disraeli instinctively thought first of himself. He did not know that he did it. Much of his egotism was due to the artist in the man.

Shortly after his return from abroad Disraeli found himself actually in the rose-coloured world of fame. He had published his second novel, *The Young Duke*, in 1831, and now *Contarini Fleming*, published in 1832, was so enthusiastically received that its author became

at once a literary lion. Fashionable women sent him invitations to their parties and at homes; he dined with the great, and felt himself of as much consequence as anyone. The excitement and pleasure of his triumph made his conversation more brilliant than ever. An American who sat next to him at a banquet afterward vividly declared: "He talked like a racehorse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action."

From this moment Disraeli never doubted that before long he would be lifted into unwithering fame. He was indeed approaching the winning-post, but he was not yet quite there. Five years had to pass before his high ambition was fulfilled, and it was not till 1837, when he had twice been defeated, that he was at last elected to sit in the House of Commons as member for Maidstone.

He owed his seat largely to his friends, Mr and Mrs Wyndham Lewis, wealthy people who believed heartily in his genius and spared no pains to give him all the help they could. In this manner Disraeli entered Parliament. He was thirty-three, well known, a novelist of fame, a good speaker, self-possessed, burning with ambition, and fully resolved to make real the dreams of greatness that had so long been his.

A good many curious eyes followed him when he took his place. King William the Fourth had just died and the chivalry of the new Parliament was quickened by the thought of the young girl who was now the sovereign of the country. The Whigs were in office, and the middle-aged, kindly hearted Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister. He had already won the heart of the Queen by his tact and his courtesy, and she was well pleased to call him her chief minister. But she was not without views of her own, and her earliest interviews with her advisers showed

clearly enough that presently she would be thoroughly well able to take command. Expectations of what the future would bring moulded the temper of the new Parliament. Great things were in front. Chivalry, ambition, enthusiasm all lay in the melting-pot. Up till now the young queen had led so retired a life that few knew anything at all of her character. Every man saw reason for indulging in the dream he most wanted to come true.

This background of expectation was exactly suited to Disraeli's temperament. He loved the unusual, and the new House gave him special opportunities. He was neither shy nor nervous. A fighter in boyhood, he was a fighter still, and he entered Parliament with an eye on the alert for enemies. He found some at once. A little time earlier he had made a foolish and unprovoked attack on O'Connell, who had so far shown him a good deal of kindness. O'Connell retorted violently, declaring that Disraeli was the lineal descendant of the impenitent thief on the cross. The gibe stuck, and Disraeli was left to brood over the insult which he had brought upon himself. The matter was still not forgotten, so that when Disraeli entered the House, the O'Connellites watched for an opportunity to trip up this arrogant young man who had dared to speak against their chief. The moment soon came. Disraeli, who had taken his seat among Peel's party, got up to make his maiden speech. O'Connell's men tittered and jeered. They hummed and interrupted; they laughed softly and used every art of exasperation. It was not a bad speech, and for a long time Disraeli courageously held his ground; though few could hear what he said. Then just when he had launched into what he considered a particularly fine passage, an uproar drowned him. He paused, and a moment later, in a voice that rang out above every one, he cried :

"I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." He sat down. Peel and a good many others applauded, and even the O'Connellites were abashed; though in one sense he had failed, in another sense he had scored. He had shown he was not a nonentity to be snuffed out by a little laughter, and now that his enemies had baited him and had their revenge they were willing to leave him in peace. On the whole, though it was an unpleasant beginning, it did not argue badly for the future, and proved that whatever Disraeli might be, he was a man to be reckoned with. One of his friends gave him a word of good advice. "Try to be dull," he said. . . . "In a short time the House will sigh for the wit and eloquence they know are in you. They will encourage you to pour them forth, and thus you will have the ear of the House and be a favourite."

Two years after he entered Parliament Disraeli married Mrs Wyndham Lewis, who was then a widow. She was fifteen years older than Disraeli but devoted to him, and he responded by giving her very warm affection. She was rich, and it was naturally said that this was the reason why Disraeli wanted to marry her; but the match was a happy one, and afterward Mrs Disraeli used often to say: "Dizzy married me for my money, but if he had the chance over again he would do it for love."

Disraeli's oddities in dress and manner did not always make a good impression; they sometimes made him suspected of being only a clever mountebank. The kind-hearted but conventional Peel was among those who were puzzled by these eccentricities. He felt uneasy about this strange member of his party, regarding him as a rocket, very pretty to watch and admire, but rather dangerous to handle. Consequently, when Peel became Prime Minister in 1841 he did not offer 'Dizzy' a place in the

Cabinet. Disraeli was bitterly disappointed. Worse still, he made his annoyance known in a letter which he wrote to Peel. But Peel was not the man to be bullied; he continued to keep Disraeli at arm's-length, and a coolness sprang up which at last became almost dislike.

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Now that Peel was overthrown, Disraeli was in a strong position, and from 1846 till his death he was very much in

the public eye. The authority and importance for which he had sighed now fell into his hand like ripe fruit from a bough. He caught it eagerly. Office still held a lure for him; importance was enchanting. Three times he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1852 he became the leader of the House of Commons in the Derby-Disraeli Ministry. There were three Derby-Disraeli Ministries. The first, a short one, lasted only a few months in 1852; the second lasted from 1858-1859; and the third from 1866-1868. In the last of these Disraeli was Prime Minister for the last nine months, when ill-health forced Lord Derby to give up his office. But the greatest triumph for Disraeli came in 1874, when he was again Prime Minister, and this time for a period of six years.

During this rapid passage across the stepping-stones of success, Disraeli had not lost his old delight in springing surprises on others. He did not like other people to surprise him, but he thoroughly enjoyed doing it himself. He made one of these sudden flashes in 1867, when he came forward with a Reform Bill which the Liberal party looked upon as their piece of work. Disraeli saw that the country was set on further reforms in the franchise, and he was quick-witted enough to realize that this was the opportunity by which his opponents hoped to win favour. He resolved to snatch it from them and capture it for himself, and therefore he boldly brought in the Reform Bill of 1867. Many of his followers were just as aghast as Peel's disciples had been over the repeal of the Corn Laws. But Disraeli mocked at their dismay, and laughingly teased them about being afraid of the "leap in the dark," by which he declared he had "dished the Whigs." His daring pleased the bolder spirits in his camp; but some shook their heads and looked doubtful. All the time-worn ideals of party seemed to be changing.

Old-fashioned men asked in bewilderment where the next step would lead them. Disraeli himself probably could not have told them. His mind was never held in place with iron bands. He kept it unfettered, ready to adapt it to the needs of the moment.

This freedom from fixed ideas kept him young and alert in spirit, and though he was seventy when he became Prime Minister in 1874, he was no old man. He had lost some of his defiant manner, but he had gained in courtesy, in charity, and in acts of deference. In 1876 he caused Victoria to be given the title of Empress of India, a title now held by each monarch of our country. In the same year he accepted a peerage for himself and became henceforth the Earl of Beaconsfield. Two years later he went with Lord Salisbury to Berlin, where they carried through a treaty between England and Russia which for the time being settled the dispute about Turkey, and Beaconsfield came home in triumph, declaring he had brought 'peace with honour.' Two years later (1880) he resigned his office, published his last novel, *Endymion*, and withdrew to the quiet country life which, in spite of his vivid interest in men and their ways, had always been dear to him. He died in the following year at the age of seventy-seven. There had been few empty moments in his life. He had flung himself heartily into the business of living. He had wrestled not only with other men but with himself, wringing out of himself the utmost that was in him; testing his abilities and putting them at a gallop, always intent upon realizing himself, upon doing passionately whatever was within his power. In his tumultuous career he had made many enemies; he had wounded friends, and he had angered foes; but at all points he had forced admiration, even from the most unwilling, by his audacity, his versatility, his brilliance, his superb belief in himself,

and his freedom from petty malice. Though not himself afraid of leaping in the dark, he never struck a foe by stealth. He was ready for all who might come against him; but he would not lie in wait to trip them unawares. "I always aim," he once wrote, "in all I do at the highest." Smaller successes he brushed aside with impatience. Nothing less than the highest could satisfy his spirit, so eager were his aspirations, so dauntless his imaginings.

RICHARD COBDEN

"The proper study of mankind is man."—POPE

AN energetic mother and a happy-go-lucky father were the parents of Richard Cobden. They lived near Midhurst in Sussex, and here was born the boy whose name was to live in history as that of a man who helped to give the people cheap bread. When Cobden was a boy bread was dear and wages were low; and though life was then a simple affair, made up of hard work and very few holidays, the labourer had to spend most, if not all, of his wages in getting enough food to feed the children in his home. Cobden knew this from experience. As a child he had seen poverty all around him; and when he became a man he set on foot a crusade, in which he preached of a cheaper loaf, a better workman, and a happier land.

He was born in 1804, when 'Farmer' George was still on the throne, but his great work was not done till the time of Victoria. As a boy he had not a very happy life. His kindly, happy-go-lucky father died when the son was but twelve years old, and though his mother was a clever and capable woman, she had hard work to meet the needs of all her children. An uncle offered to send Richard to a boarding-school, and to Yorkshire he went. It was a wretched place with bad food and worse teaching. Such schools are not now to be found, but in Cobden's day the general level of education was low, and boys counted themselves lucky if they found



him famous. His commercial earnings had been sacrificed to his public work, but a magnificent public present of £80,000 showed how warmly he was appreciated by the people. The great climax in his life was over, and though he continued to be an important figure, he did not again dazzle the country. His great aim now was to strengthen good relations between England and the other countries in Europe. He opposed war because he had a natural love for peace, and because he believed that a country at war weakens itself. At the outbreak of the Crimean War, with all England eager for combat, Cobden stood sadly aloof, lamenting a struggle from which he believed no good could result to either country.

When the Indian Mutiny took place in 1857 he shared the nation's horror at the event. But here again he reflected sadly that he was out of place in the common enthusiasm for conquest by arms. "Do we find," he wrote, "that Government and Parliament acquit themselves so well in domestic matters that they have a surplus of efficiency and energy for Hindoostan. . . . If Catholic and Protestant can't live together in Belfast, excepting under something like martial law, are we the people to teach Christian charity and toleration to the Hindoos? With such views as mine, what am I to do in public life in the midst of all this excitement for reconquering and *Christianizing* India?"

But if Cobden was by temperament unable to cope with the warlike antagonisms which from time to time arise between nations, he was seen at his best in smoothing the way for friendly trade relations. He did good work of this kind between England and France, and in 1860 he carried through a commercial treaty of great service to both countries. Palmerston suggested to Queen Victoria that some honour should therefore be given him, and he

themselves at a school where there was moderate kindness and enough to eat.

Cobden's miserable experiences in Yorkshire gave him an insight into character. He early learnt to know that the world holds cruelty as well as kindness, and he began unconsciously to notice men and their ways. This passion for studying character was one that remained with him always. And later in life when he went abroad, one of his chief delights was to observe the good and bad qualities of each nation.

The uncle who sent Cobden to school in Yorkshire afterward made a place for him in his warehouse in London, and here the youth came when he was about sixteen years of age. The change was delightful to him and he worked whole-heartedly, though all his spare moments were given to reading. His uncle distrusted books, and believed that learning and business could not go together; so he saw with annoyance that his nephew liked study and gave him a lecture on the folly of neglecting his work. But the lecture was hardly needed, for though Cobden loved reading, he was also a hard worker. His nature was too strenuous for him to be slack in any of his doings. He knew his own powers, and he had himself well in hand. Some people complained that he was too self-confident, but in him this was a quality that sprang from determination, not from conceit. Like his mother, he was energetic and resourceful; like his father, he was careless about money, gay, good-tempered, and fond of company.

At the age of twenty-four Cobden joined with two other young men in setting up a calico warehouse in Manchester. He went north by coach. It took him twenty hours to get to Manchester, which seemed to him 'marvellously short.' To-day, when we have grown accustomed to aeroplanes travelling a mile a minute, Cobden's coach ride

sounds a lengthy affair. The three young men had little money to help them, but they worked so industriously and well that 'Cobden prints' soon made a name for themselves. Cobden had fair to become a rich and successful man of business. He appeared content with his life, and free from the social ambition which turned the thoughts of so many young men of the day toward Parliament.

But just when he seemed most settled as an ordinary man of business, Cobden began to show himself in a new light. The great increase in his trade put money into his pocket, and gave him leisure. He travelled, and travel set his mind to work. The different conditions in the countries he visited interested him hugely, and as a result he published in 1835 a pamphlet entitled *England, Ireland and America, by a Manchester Manufacturer*. The essay was widely read. This Manchester manufacturer had not gone about the world with his eyes shut. People found he had a good deal to say about the social conditions at home and elsewhere, and they found, too, that he said it excellently. His thinking was not only original; it was sound.

A year later Cobden published another pamphlet, called *Russia*, in which he fought hard against the hatred of Russia which was then common in England. Here he and Palmerston took opposite sides. Cobden was always on the side of peace and amiability; Palmerston had a much more warlike disposition, and he made it his business to preach the doctrine that Russia was to be distrusted.

From this point Cobden became a public man. His brother pleaded he should give more attention to his business, but the spirit of reform was astir in him, and he decided that his life should not be guided by the mere

desire to make money. With something of his father's carelessness he flung himself into his new occupation, hoping that calicoes and cottons would still flourish, but not troubling his head vastly about them. He enjoyed having money because it allowed him to travel and helped him to continue his study of mankind, but he had no wish to heap up wealth; he believed in spending his life lavishly, not in measuring it out bit by bit in days of unnecessary toil.

Cobden's study of the conditions of life in the countries through which he wandered had made him convinced that England's great safety lay in cheaper bread for her people. Every bushel of corn that came into the country had a heavy tax on it. Because of this, home-grown corn was sold at a high price, and so bread was always dear. This meant that the great mass of people found it hard to live comfortably, since the price of bread was so high. Cobden argued that a better-fed workman could do better work, and that therefore if bread were cheaper other things could be bought as well, and thus the country would be strengthened, because the people would be healthier, happier, and more vigorous in body and mind. This belief became his first thought in life, and he therefore joined a society formed in Manchester for the purpose of protesting against any tax on corn. Cobden's enthusiasm at once made itself felt, and the society, growing larger, became known throughout the country as the Anti-Corn Law League. Though still a manufacturer of 'prints,' Cobden's chief energy was now given to work for the League, so that though his business dwindled, his fame increased.

To drive home his arguments Cobden went about the country explaining his views, and thus in 1843 he met John Bright. The two quickly became fast friends. Cobden was now thirty-nine; he was energetic and full

of enthusiasm, though not very strong. Bright was some seven years younger, healthier than Cobden and just as enthusiastic. The two men liked each other at once, and before long they had planned out a crusade on behalf of an untaxed loaf. Agitations of this sort sometimes rest upon base motives, but Cobden and Bright harboured no thought of self-interest. They were as much crusaders as any mediæval knight, and their one aim was to succour the distressed and to relieve the poor. Their entire abandon to the work made a great impression on the country. Whatever might be said of these two men, no one could insinuate that they made self-reward their goal.

This complete devotion to the cause in hand was characteristic of Cobden, and in this respect he never altered. Though circumstances thrust him into Parliament, and he became a statesman, his greatest gifts did not lie in statesmanship. A statesman—even the very greatest—must consider expediency; he must weigh good and bad in the scales together and make the best he can of the mixture. But Cobden's temperament was not of this kind. He was an apostle, a crusader, a man bent upon one object, thinking of no side issues, considering no expediency. His greatness cannot be denied, but the greatness sprang from the man, and not from his statesmanship. And so it is very fitting that though he influenced his country so much, he never had a seat in any Cabinet. Palmerston offered him a place in 1859, but it was refused. Palmerston's foreign policy was distasteful to Cobden, and he was too honest a man to be outwardly an ally and inwardly an opponent.

Ever since the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 there had been murmurs against the tax on corn. The fervid speeches of Bright and Cobden had increased the

agitation, and the Anti-Corn Law League had given it solid shape. In 1845 an autumn of terrible rain completed the work. Day after day rain poured down from a leaden sky. Men went to bed in rain and wakened up to find it still streaming down. They spoke of next week being better. But there was no change. The fields were drenched and sodden; the harvests battered and ruined. In the face of this calamity, the cry "no tax on bread" rose higher, and the ruined farmers now joined in the cry. Cobden and his followers were appalled at the distress, but it put a weapon into their hands. In the face of such suffering bread had to be cheaper. It was impossible that a starving people should pay a tax on their loaf. And so the disaster of the harvest proved the death-knell of dear bread, for, says Lord Morley, "It was the rain that rained away the Corn Laws."

The Prime Minister at this crisis was Peel, the leader of the Conservative party. But Peel had not listened to Cobden's speeches in vain; nor watched the distress in the country unmoved. His outward appearance was calm and self-possessed, but he had keen sympathy, and he was a man who thought for himself. His followers were men who were opposed to the removal of the tax on corn, and they naturally expected their leader to uphold them. To their amazement, disgust, and chagrin, Peel came forward in 1846 with a proposal to do away with the Corn Laws by reducing the tax gradually till it was dropped altogether. In spite of furious attacks by his party, Peel held to his proposition. Cobden and Bright were wild with excitement. Lively debates followed day after day; there were jeers and cheers; hooting and laughter; but at last on the 26th of June the Repeal of the Corn Laws was carried, and Cobden, writing to his wife, cried: "Hurrah! Hurrah! the Corn Bill is law, and now my work is done."

Nothing is more characteristic of Cobden than the phrase "my work is done." He had been in Parliament since 1841, but he had lived so entirely for one object that when that object was accomplished he felt he had finished his work. An ordinary statesman would have been ready to go on to the next political undertaking; Cobden, having led a crusade to a close, had no eye for incidental glory in the House. He had carried through his great piece of work; the next duty might quite likely lie outside the walls of Parliament.

Some time before the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Peel and Cobden had bitterly wounded each other. Cobden, speaking in the heat of enthusiasm, had held Peel responsible for the distress in the country. Peel, just then suffering from a nervous fear of attack, declared that the words would fix the eyes of would-be assassins on himself. Cobden strove to explain, but the affair ended in bitterness, and both men nursed private wrath. But the common cause of a starving country brought them together again, and though Cobden was a Whig and Peel a Tory, nothing could exceed Peel's fine generosity when, after the passing of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, he brought his speech to a close with these words: "Sir, the name which ought to be, and will be, associated with the success of these measures, is the name of a man who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, had advocated their cause with untiring energy, and by appeals to reason, expressed by an eloquence, the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned—the name which ought to be and will be associated with the success of these measures is the name of Richard Cobden. Without scruple, sir, I attribute the success of these measures to him."

Cobden's share in removing the tax from bread made

him famous. His commercial earnings had been sacrificed to his public work, but a magnificent public present of £80,000 showed how warmly he was appreciated by the people. The great climax in his life was over, and though he continued to be an important figure, he did not again dazzle the country. His great aim now was to strengthen good relations between England and the other countries in Europe. He opposed war because he had a natural love for peace, and because he believed that a country at war weakens itself. At the outbreak of the Crimean War, with all England eager for combat, Cobden stood sadly aloof, lamenting a struggle from which he believed no good could result to either country.

When the Indian Mutiny took place in 1857 he shared the nation's horror at the event. But here again he reflected sadly that he was out of place in the common enthusiasm for conquest by arms. "Do we find," he wrote, "that Government and Parliament acquit themselves so well in domestic matters that they have a surplus of efficiency and energy for Hindoostan. . . . If Catholic and Protestant can't live together in Belfast, excepting under something like martial law, are we the people to teach Christian charity and toleration to the Hindoos? With such views as mine, what am I to do in public life in the midst of all this excitement for reconquering and *Christianizing* India?"

But if Cobden was by temperament unable to cope with the warlike antagonisms which from time to time arise between nations, he was seen at his best in smoothing the way for friendly trade relations. He did good work of this kind between England and France, and in 1860 he carried through a commercial treaty of great service to both countries. Palmerston suggested to Queen Victoria that some honour should therefore be given him, and he

was offered his choice of becoming a baronet or a privy councillor. He declined both honours. His tastes were free from tawdry ambition. Anything he had achieved had sprung from unselfish motives. In serving the cause of the people he had followed out a high-souled devotion to the call of humanity, not only in his own country but in all lands. The narrower interests of a special country did not claim him. When he thought of human needs he travelled in mind over many nations. For this reason he was rather the servant of humanity than the statesman of one nation. The ins and outs of official expediency were tedious to him. High-souled himself, he looked for the same loftiness in others. He never expected spite, and so he was unprepared to cope with the subtleties of a less straightforward mind. He knew how to fight for a cause, but his magnificent honesty sometimes set him at a disadvantage with men of a meaner type. His sympathies were easily moved, and he hated strife; but once he had taken up a stand he held to it with the unflinching cheerfulness of a martyr, ready to endure anything rather than yield. Thus he became not only trusted by his followers, but beloved. And when he died in 1865 his death made many men and women realize that while the nation had lost a great reformer, they had a friend the less.

JOHN BRIGHT

"A deep, great, genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic."—CARLYLE

JOHN BRIGHT, born 1811, has been aptly called Cobden's twin brother in politics. They were friends both in public and in private life. Not only did they sincerely love each other, but they viewed almost every public question from the same standpoint and usually came to the same conclusions. But there was one subject upon which they differed widely. Cobden had a thorough belief in the well-established middle classes, but he eyed working men distrustfully and was unwilling to allow them the right to vote. Bright, on the other hand, looked upon working men as the backbone of the country, and he worked hard to give them full political privileges. Hence, though in general Cobden was the more daring of the pair, on this point it was Bright who showed a more advanced spirit. Cobden was strong in common sense; Bright had more vision; Cobden could reason men into seeing his point, but Bright had flashes of inspiration which made him a more subtle speaker than his friend. Both men were absolutely sincere, and in this lay their strength.

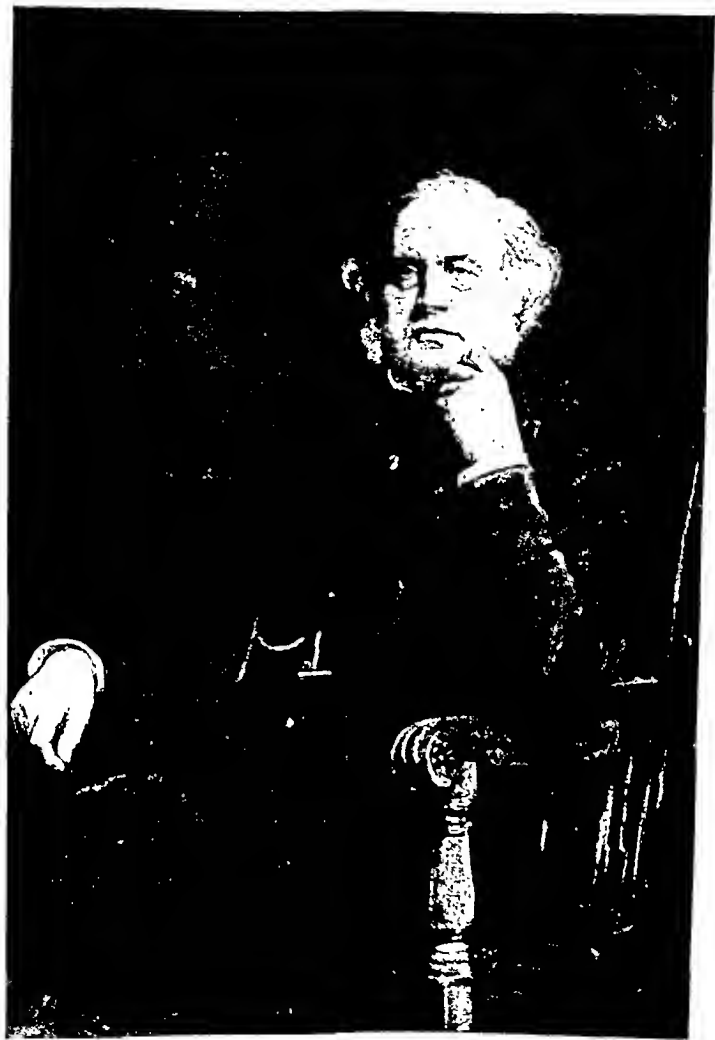
The Bright family were Quakers—plain, honest people who lived sparsely and brought up their children to fear God. Though the house was simple, it held an air of 'high thinking' in its bare rooms; and if the children were early taught the meaning of 'duty,' they were tenderly cared for and loved. They grew up self-reliant, obedient,

fearless, loving one another dearly, but never afraid of speaking plainly. Strangers often thought them blunt and unpolished; for the Bright children did not know either how to flatter or how to conceal unfavourable opinions. But among themselves they were as happy a family of boys and girls as could be found anywhere, neither spoiled nor neglected, a wholesome, happy-hearted brood.

In such surroundings John Bright grew up. His home was at Rochdale, where his father had a mill. The golden age for manufacturers was only just beginning. At the opening of the nineteenth century trade had still a long way to go. Machinery was eyed with suspicion by many. The workers thought machines would rob them of their occupation. The masters had not yet fully realized how to control and develop trade. The Government was very slow in making the way easy for commerce. So that though John Bright's father owned a mill he was not wealthy, and his son had only a very ordinary education at a school in the town near which he lived.

But the atmosphere of the home is more important than the best of schools, and though Bright never went to the university, he read a great deal, and, what was better, he thought about what he read. There were other young men in the town with a taste for books and an inclination for discussing public questions, and these youths used to meet together to debate. Bright took a leading part among them. His crude, youthful speeches were not without the promise of future oratory. His remarks were thoughtful and earnest; and his clear, bell-like voice made listening a pleasure.

Bright was still in his twenties when he met Cobden, but some years passed before the two men joined together in a crusade against the Corn Laws. Cobden



John Bright
Walter W. Oules, R.A.
Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

in which it stood, grave, dignified and reserved. Here affairs of the day were seriously discussed, and great men stepped across the threshold. Good sense and high breeding gave the house its tone, and a sense of quiet happiness and comfort ruled over all.

Till the age of twelve the boy remained at home, but in 1821 he was sent to Eton. In a quiet way he enjoyed school life. The ferocious Dr Keate, well skilled in birching, was Headmaster at the time, but he seems to have looked favourably on the new boy, who was quiet and industrious, and disinclined for high pranks. Though not without his share of spirits, Gladstone was never a 'rowdy' boy, and he found his friends among those who liked to ramble in the country and talk earnestly of matters usually supposed to be far beyond the reach of schoolboys. His chief friend was Arthur Hallam, with whom he spent many long hours, lazing in the meadows, and debating on grave themes.

From Eton, Gladstone went to Oxford when he was nineteen. College life pleased him. He enjoyed the air of freedom, the right to be himself. The first year was spent very leisurely; books had their turn, but so had gaiety, till the characteristic undercurrent of gravity asserted itself once more and Gladstone began to study in earnest. Once up to the battle, he put his whole heart into it, with the result that in 1831 he had the delight of taking a First Class in both Classics and Mathematics. His tutors praised him, his parents were justly proud, and his college friends warmly vied with one another in recounting what he had done. At the Union he was known as a brilliant speaker. Every one declared a great future lay before him.

In face of so much praise Gladstone's natural gravity of character did him good service. It prevented him

was seven years older than Bright, and he was naturally the leader. Bright made a magnificent disciple. He was enthusiastic, whole-hearted, and ready to defend his opinions through thick and thin. In appearance he was a fine young man. The delicate child had grown into a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with brooding eyes that could glow with enthusiasm or dance with laughter. His gestures were very few, but he spoke with such earnestness that arm-waving was unnecessary, and the light and shade on his face added grace to words which would have been debased by the extravagant mannerisms of a lesser orator.

In the House of Commons Bright's greatest speeches were full of quiet restraint, shot with sudden flashes of poetry. When he rose to speak his hearers knew that his English would be pure, his images well chosen. They looked for pearls, but they never knew when they might occur. For Bright did not put all his jewels into his perorations; he strewed them by the way, without any thought of studied effect, sometimes hardly conscious of their presence. In such a mood he made his famous speech pleading for peace between England and Russia at the time of the Crimean War. "I am certain," he said, "that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. . . . He takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal." When he spoke the House of Commons was full; a hush fell; and the profound silence told how deeply the words had stirred them. Disraeli, who always had a strong liking for Bright, met him afterward at an eating-

house and said: "Bright, I would give all that I ever had to have made that speech just now." Effects at once so noble and so unadorned were beyond 'Dizzy's' reach. His mind was too subtle for them. True splendour has its rise in simplicity, and it was the simplicity of Bright's mind that made him great.

There were three important periods in Bright's life. As a young man he joined with Cobden in working for the Repeal of the Corn Laws; in his middle period he steadfastly resisted the Crimean War; and in his later days he gave himself up to pleading for the vote for working men. Though a Quaker, and therefore opposed to all warfare, Bright had nothing tame in his nature. He knew what he wanted, and he never ceased struggling till he got it. He was never made afraid by threats nor moved by bribes. Others might covet honours, great houses, fine garments, but John Bright cared for none of these things. He looked upon life with a candid gaze that often put his opponents to shame. He was still plain-spoken John; the old downright manners of his childhood clung to him; he never concealed his opinions nor sought to gain time by pretence. The crookedness of other men puzzled him. In such a game he was no match for his foes. Once when an enemy abused him with unusual coarseness, one of his friends begged him to reply. He refused, saying gently: "A man in a clean coat should never wrestle with a sweep."

Through the first half of his life abuse was never very far from Bright's heels. His speeches against the Corn Laws did not spare the feelings of his hearers. In terrible sentences he painted the hunger and despair of people who lacked even the necessities of life, buying meat by the pennyworth, and sleeping on filthy straw. He was too eloquent not to be heard, but many went away from his

meetings furious. They did not like to have their feelings harrowed by these distressing pictures. Yet Bright was not exaggerating. The poverty of the moment was all he had said and more. Even the self-restrained Peel was so moved to pity by the suffering poor that he nobly sacrificed his political position, by declaring himself in favour of the removal of the Corn Laws as a means to relieve the starving nation.

Bright was thirty-two before he found a seat in Parliament, but from the day he crossed its threshold the House realized that he was not only an orator but a man with an original mind. He spoke so well that men were obliged to listen, and listening they found him full of new ideas, not ready to bind himself blindly to any party, nor prepared to follow any special school of thought. Such an attitude was sure to provoke enmity, but Bright gave little heed to considerations of this sort. He was not out to curry favour. He was out to speak his own mind, to uphold the blunt traditions which he had learnt in the meadows where he had played as a child with his outspoken brothers and sisters.

The cold air of unfriendliness which blew upon him at the opening of his public career in time grew less, and at last died away altogether. But it died very slowly. Men belonging by birth to the upper classes were suspicious of a man so openly proud of his humble origin. When one or two of the most daring began to ask him to their homes, some of the noble guests were offended. They resented the presence of this plain man, and did not hesitate to say so. Even when this prejudice had died down, and as a member of the Cabinet Bright was about to visit the palace in 1868, the Queen, dreading some loud-voiced outbreak from him, wrote to Lord Granville, saying: "The Queen hopes Lord Granville will not draw

out Mr Bright too much." But her Majesty's fears were needless. Bright's courtesy and kindliness soon enchanted the Queen and she became sincerely fond of her Quaker Minister.

There was no period in Bright's life when the tide of abuse against him rose so high as it did at the time of the Crimean War. At the outset the war was extraordinarily popular. Palmerston had set the feeling alight and the general eagerness to be at the enemy soon fanned it into a flame. Very, very few were the voices against it. Among the few were Bright's clear tones, dauntless and unabashed, protesting against a war which he believed should never have been begun. Almost to a man the nation turned upon him. Newspapers flung abuse; strangers stared at him rudely; even many who had been inclined to be friendly now gave him the cold shoulder. Artists drew jeering pictures of him; little orators up and down the country spent their breath denouncing him; his effigy was burnt amid a chorus of abusive delight. Bright meanwhile stuck to his opinions. A lesser man would have been shamed or hustled into following the popular throng; but never Bright. Courage was one of his most shining virtues, and his enemies found him exasperatingly steadfast. Gradually the rain of abuse grew less. The war began to go awry. People began to wonder if they had made a mistake. Had they been hurried into a needless sacrifice of men and money? Homes mourning for fathers and brothers who would never return, and larders grown scanty through the stress of the war, made the nation pause and consider. Murmurs began to be heard—murmurs against the war, and against Palmerston, the idol of the war, and Bright suddenly discovered that the people had come round to his view. He made no effort to snatch popularity from this change

of front, but remained just what he was before, plain John Bright, ready to give the people of his best, but not willing to be moved from any opinion either by friend or foe.

Bright's passionate belief in freedom made him a hot supporter of the Northern States at the time of the American Civil War in 1861. Quaker though he was, this was a war that he found just, and in Parliament he launched into burning speech on behalf of the 150,000 children born every year into slavery. "What," he cried, "would it be if our children were brought up to this infernal system—one hundred and fifty thousand of them every year brought into the world in these Slave States, amongst these 'gentlemen,' amongst this 'chivalry,' 'amongst these men that we can make our friends.'"

Hard upon his agitation on behalf of the slaves, he flung himself into an attempt to extend the vote to the lower middle classes and working men. In 1867 his object was gained. Disraeli, seeing that the moment was ripe, came forward with a Reform Bill. His followers were furious. They were fixed in their opposition to Reform, and it was hard to find their leader now suddenly calling them to vote for something they detested. But 'Dizzy' knew where he stood. He wanted to out-race the Whigs, to get credit for himself and popularity for his party. And so the Bill was passed amid cheers from the Whigs, and groans from the Conservatives, who cried that their leader had betrayed them. Among those who spoke bitterly of the event was Lord Cranbourne (afterward Lord Salisbury). "I have heard," he said, "that the Bill is a Conservative triumph. If it is a Conservative triumph to have adopted the principles of your most determined adversary . . . I will venture to say the Conservative party has won no triumph so signal as this."

Party feelings, however, did not concern Bright, happy in the fact that the Bill he cherished had now become law, and unconcerned as to whether it was the Conservatives or the Liberals who had helped him to realize his aim.

Bright did not die till 1889, so that his life lasted twenty-two years after the passing of the Reform Bill. But the Bill was the climax of his career, and he never again played a large part in the affairs of the nation. He was seventy-seven when he died, a gentle, loving old man, honest and direct in his speech, kind and helpful to any in trouble, a lover of everything pure and simple, and passionately devoted to little children. His fame as an orator survives. Time will not rob him here, nor will it wipe out the impress of a life full of honesty, nor wear away the fragrance of a personality so refreshingly free from thoughts of self.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

"The History of the World is but the Biography of great men."—CARLYLE

IN a flat-windowed house in a quiet, dignified street in Liverpool, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, lived a grave, dignified little boy. By the calendar the year was 1816, and the little boy, who was some seven years old, was praying earnestly that he might be spared the removal of a tooth. It was William Ewart Gladstone, as profoundly in earnest at the age of seven as when he was eighty-seven. Education and experience moulded his character and in time gave him new traits, but through every change the sober little boy remained. In Gladstone, if anywhere, the child might well be called the father to the man.

This earnestness of spirit made him inclined both in childhood and in age to fasten his attention upon himself. Like Bunyan, he searched his heart, and looking back over his past the most he would allow himself to say was: "I do not think it was a vicious childhood." Such a cautious statement might also be taken to imply that he was once a troublesome young rascal, the despair of his family and the torment of his neighbours. But nothing is further from the truth. All the accounts of Gladstone's early life show him honourable, straightforward and lovable; an English boy of the best possible type, not priggish, but certainly not blind to the fact that life is a serious business.

The home to which he belonged was like the street

in which it stood, grave, dignified and reserved. Here affairs of the day were seriously discussed, and great men stepped across the threshold. Good sense and high breeding gave the house its tone, and a sense of quiet happiness and comfort ruled over all.

Till the age of twelve the boy remained at home, but in 1821 he was sent to Eton. In a quiet way he enjoyed school life. The ferocious Dr Keate, well skilled in birching, was Headmaster at the time, but he seems to have looked favourably on the new boy, who was quiet and industrious, and disinclined for high pranks. Though not without his share of spirits, Gladstone was never a 'rowdy' boy, and he found his friends among those who liked to ramble in the country and talk earnestly of matters usually supposed to be far beyond the reach of schoolboys. His chief friend was Arthur Hallam, with whom he spent many long hours, lazing in the meadows, and debating on grave themes.

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W. E. Gladstone
Photo Levy

Church from her throne in Ireland. But much as Gladstone loved the English Church, he had a still deeper love for justice. He knew that most Irishmen were Roman Catholics, and it seemed to him unjust they should be controlled by a Church that was alien to them. Frantic people all over the country declared it would end in ruin for both nations, but their denunciations left Gladstone unmoved. He held steadily to his point, believing that disestablishment would bring peace and good will to a land that had long been harassed by injustice. With this hope in his heart he cheerfully met the indignant onslaught of his opponents till 1874, when the general discontent with the Cabinet made him resign his office and give up his position as Liberal leader.

He had now been Prime Minister for six years. He was sixty-five, and he declared he was getting too old for office. Yet eighteen years later he became Prime Minister for the fourth time! But for the moment he was out of public favour; the Conservatives came into power, and Disraeli was made Prime Minister. The change was welcomed by the Queen, who liked Disraeli and enjoyed his courteous manner toward her. Gladstone meanwhile withdrew a good deal from public life, intending to live quietly and at ease in his home at Hawarden, near Chester. But he took too keen an interest in public affairs to be a silent subject, and in 1875 he attracted attention by his violent denunciations of the atrocities of the Turks in Bulgaria. Five years later he was again in full swing, leader of the Liberals and for the second time Prime Minister of England. The Queen welcomed him politely but coldly. She was loath to see Disraeli go, and Gladstone wrote in his diary that her manner was "natural under effort."

At the time of his return England was face to face with a foreign crisis. The country was apparently at peace

from falling into conceit and made him gird up his loins for service. The House of Commons was his natural magnet. He had been brought up to look upon Parliament with reverence. His father knew Canning and had entertained him as a guest, and from childhood Gladstone had longed to follow in Canning's steps. Now the opportunity was his. The citizens of Newark made him their member, and in 1832, when he was but twenty-three years of age, he entered the House with flying colours. At the moment of his appearance the Whigs were in office, but among the Conservatives Peel had a large following. Gladstone quickly took his place on Peel's side. Here he was warmly welcomed and given every encouragement. His reputation had travelled from Oxford to the capital, and the older Peelites began to build their hopes upon this young man, so ardent, so purposeful, and so determined to impress himself on others. His splendid physique and his clear, musical voice added to his advantages. The Whigs realized that Peel had gained a valuable recruit; the Tories exulted and foretold future triumphs.

Gladstone meanwhile was enjoying his new position, but he was also harassed by his own emotions. He spent his leisure examining himself, blaming himself for inclinations that except in fancy had never been his, and distrusting even his affection for others. He was naturally warm-hearted and generous, but he could not believe it, and when his much-loved friend Hallam was drowned in 1833 he wrote in his diary: "This intelligence was deeply oppressive even to my selfish disposition." In just such a strain Bunyan would have written; or Cromwell; or perhaps John Wesley. Gladstone's character had much in common with each of these men, but fortunately work drove him out of himself, and soon his hours were too full for any morbid thought. Peel came into

office in 1834, and Gladstone was offered the post of Under Secretary for the Colonies. He accepted joyfully. It was a splendid chance for a young man of twenty-five. He plunged into work with enthusiasm, and found life very good.

Now that office had become his, Gladstone made it more than ever his business to understand the needs of the country. It was not an easy task. Within the last few years a new England had arisen. The population of the country had gone up; factories had been built and there was a great demand for workers, and yet many in the country were terribly poor. Food was dear; the houses of the poor were often little better than hovels; there were not enough schools; and the children were neglected, poorly clad, and poorly fed. Underneath these miseries there simmered a spirit of discontent. Some men who were willing to work could not find employment; and, on the other hand, masters were unable to find workers. Travelling from place to place was still a difficulty, and the villages and the towns were practically unconnected; there were no trams; no motor cars; no bicycles. A man wishing to go any distance had to ride on horseback or go in a coach, or if he had no money he must needs walk. And so the villager remained in his village, willing to work, but often without work to do.

In the meantime discontent grew, and the problem of the poor began to be serious. Even Peel, who loved order and valued tradition, began to suspect that there would have to be changes. He was hurt and distressed at the poverty that he saw. Very slowly he began to see that the only way out lay in withdrawing the taxes on corn, and in 1846 he sacrificed everything for this cause. He repealed the Corn Laws, but he fell from office, and most of his old supporters left him. Among the few who remained was Gladstone.

Gladstone had associated himself with Peel in carrying through a popular measure, but he was not by any means as yet a democrat. Very slowly he began to find himself more and more out of touch with his old party; inch by inch he drew nearer to those in favour of reform; but though after 1867 he took a definite step, and, leaving the Conservatives, became the leader of the Liberal side, he was always clear-minded enough to be aware that each class has its rights, and he was never willing to sacrifice one class to satisfy the demands of another. Himself an untiring worker, he had no sympathy with those who shirked their duties; he respected those who toiled, but he detested the loafer and the idler.

More than thirty years had passed since Gladstone first entered Parliament in 1832. He had been then a fine-looking young man, broad shouldered, with thick black hair, a ringing voice, a serious, absorbed expression, and an eye that gleamed with purpose. Now he was fifty-six, and his fine-looking face was scarred with the stress of years. His voice was still clear and musical, and his art as an orator had greatly developed. When he spoke in the House of Commons the benches were never empty, and at public meetings thousands pressed in to hear him. He had won his place and become famous; more than this, he had made himself respected throughout the Continent as a man of moral force. When Peel had expressed a belief that cheap bread would make a happy and prosperous people, Gladstone had agreed, with reservations. For though he believed in an untaxed loaf, he also believed that the only hope for the greatness of a nation lay in moral force. Without a soul he believed no nation could flourish, and he made it his business to do what he could to help to keep alive the soul in England. The little boy who prayed so intently about his tooth *had*

lost none of his earnestness on his way through life. He held that nothing could be good if it were built upon a rotten foundation; and that no nation could flourish unless truth was alive among the citizens of that nation. This fervour, which was so marked a characteristic with Gladstone, would have been priggish had it not been sincere. But though he had numerous enemies, many of whom in their bitter detestation unsparingly heaped on him abuse and ridicule, no fair-minded person ever charged him with priggishness; his sincerity was too marked for the most hostile to suspect it.

Gladstone was a reformer, but the reforms which most appealed to him were of a regulated, well-ordered kind, and particularly those connected with finance. Here he was at his best. For him, rows of figures had no terror. He revelled in discussions of the nation's ways and means; and manipulated and rearranged taxes with the ease of a child playing at ninepins. Less capable men held their breath and watched his movements with anxiety, suspecting he would presently lead the country into a bog of ruin. But Gladstone's judgment was truer than theirs, and by-and-by the nation awoke to the fact that though food was cheaper and taxes were less, there was more prosperity and more general comfort. Peel's belief that better-fed men would make better workmen and more desirable citizens was being proved true. Even those who at first spoke most loudly against the new finance were bit by bit silenced by the quiet chorus of content in every quarter of the country. These financial reforms, which were begun by Gladstone in his Budget of 1853, were steadily carried out and increased till the Great Budget of 1860, which still further reduced taxes on food and attempted to take away the duty on paper. This latter was at first defeated by the Lords, but after

some delay it was carried through. All sorts of literature at once became cheaper. Newspapers, which had been steadily going down in price since the newspaper stamp duty had been abolished in 1855, now became still cheaper, and in 1868 the London *Daily News* was sold at a penny a copy. This was the first penny daily paper in the country, but it was soon followed by others at the same price. Few men were now too poor to be unable to buy a paper, and in consequence there was a great increase in the interest of men and women in public affairs. Workers all over the country began to express their opinions; the common man demanded that he, too, should be heard, and the changes thus brought about by the public press were little less than a revolution.

While Gladstone was busying himself over financial reforms, he had to make his way through a storm of disapproval. The sterner Conservatives hated his scheme; the old Whigs were almost as bitter; but the younger men on both sides gave him their approval. The general masses of people were at first unmoved. Some were too busy to think about politics; others did not care; some were even ignorant of what was happening. But when one by one articles of food began to cheapen a buzz of satisfaction arose in the country, till by 1862 Gladstone found not only his schemes proved sound, but himself popular. For the time being the clouds of criticism parted, and looking round him he said contentedly: "I found blue sky above me."

Four years later (1866) he took his place as the leader of the Liberal party. In 1868 there was a General Election, and he became Prime Minister. This position brought him into close touch with Queen Victoria. Her Majesty was kind to him, but she never really liked him, and at the bottom of her politeness lay a grain of

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unfriendliness. Gladstone was too keen an observer of men and women to be unaware of her disinclination for him, while on her side the Queen was too clear-sighted to be blind to the great qualities of her Minister.

As monarch and minister they respected each other, but there was little affection between them. The energetic Gladstone endeavoured to point out to her Majesty duties which he thought she ought to fulfil. The Queen was still deeply mourning the loss of her husband, who had died in 1861, and she retorted that the Prime Minister was overworking her. Gladstone's own rigorous methods did not always commend themselves to others, and the Queen had no relish for being bidden to do this or that. Though she was sincerely anxious to do all that she could for her people, she was very alive to the dignity of the Crown and resented the slightest appearance of hectoring. Thirteen years earlier (1853) Gladstone, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, had provoked great praise by his Budget, and had even been complimented in a personal letter from the Prince Consort. But since then he had gone far, and his new views were not personally so agreeable to Queen Victoria as his old ones had been. Experience had taught her Majesty to be prudent; she did not care to do anything without first counting the cost, and she regarded rather doubtfully some of the reforms which industrial changes were forcing upon the country.

It was 1868 when Gladstone became Prime Minister for the first time. His first important act was to bring in a bill to disestablish the Church of England in Ireland. This brought torrents of abuse on his head. He was himself a convinced churchman, and church-going people were puzzled to understand how a man as religious as he was known to be could deliberately pull the English

Church from her throne in Ireland. But much as Gladstone loved the English Church, he had a still deeper love for justice. He knew that most Irishmen were Roman Catholics, and it seemed to him unjust they should be controlled by a Church that was alien to them. Frantic people all over the country declared it would end in ruin for both nations, but their denunciations left Gladstone unmoved. He held steadily to his point, believing that disestablishment would bring peace and good will to a land that had long been harassed by injustice. With this hope in his heart he cheerfully met the indignant onslaught of his opponents till 1874, when the general discontent with the Cabinet made him resign his office and give up his position as Liberal leader.

He had now been Prime Minister for six years. He was sixty-five, and he declared he was getting too old for office. Yet eighteen years later he became Prime Minister for the fourth time! But for the moment he was out of public favour; the Conservatives came into power, and Disraeli was made Prime Minister. The change was welcomed by the Queen, who liked Disraeli and enjoyed his courteous manner toward her. Gladstone meanwhile withdrew a good deal from public life, intending to live quietly and at ease in his home at Hawarden, near Chester. But he took too keen an interest in public affairs to be a silent subject, and in 1875 he attracted attention by his violent denunciations of the atrocities of the Turks in Bulgaria. Five years later he was again in full swing, leader of the Liberals and for the second time Prime Minister of England. The Queen welcomed him politely but coldly. She was loath to see Disraeli go, and Gladstone wrote in his diary that her manner was "natural under effort."

At the time of his return England was face to face with a foreign crisis. The country was apparently at peace

with Russia and Turkey, but there was a great feeling of uneasiness. In Egypt things were much disturbed, and no one at home knew precisely how the situation there lay. Gordon went out to relieve the loyal Egyptians holding out at Khartoum against the Mahdi who was leading the rebels. He wrote home for support, but English help was slow in arriving, and Gordon had to fight unrelieved. Two days before the English troops arrived he was slain, and Khartoum fell. When the news reached England there was a terrible outcry. If help had come earlier Gordon would have been saved. Gladstone, as Prime Minister, was the centre of the abuse, and scarcely anyone had a good word for him. A year later he went out of office, only to come back in 1886. This time, however, he was Prime Minister only for a few months. He brought in a bill proposing to give Ireland Home Rule, and found himself bitterly opposed. The Bill was defeated and for the third time he resigned.

Six years later he was again Prime Minister. He was now an old man, no less than eighty-three years of age, but as keen as ever upon the business he had in hand. Home Rule for Ireland was still his most cherished scheme, and he now triumphantly carried a Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons. But in the House of Lords the Bill had few friends. It was thrown out, and Gladstone, bitterly disappointed, suddenly became aware he was old, that he could not hear as he had done in the past, that his eyesight was giving way. He decided to retire, and accordingly in 1894 he sent in his seals of office to the Queen. Her Majesty, who was herself growing old, wrote back in a kind and friendly fashion and ended her letter with the words: "The Queen would gladly have conferred a peerage on Mr Gladstone, but she knows he would not accept it."

Thus Gladstone, exhausted with the strain of long fighting, withdrew at last to the peace of his own home, where he spent three quiet, happy years, dying in 1897 at the age of eighty-eight. To his admirers he was the "Grand Old Man"; to his enemies, an opponent worthy of respect. His uprightness, his earnestness, and his sincerity none could question. Whatever he had done, he had done it with his might. His deeds lay open for all to judge. The fierce light that beats upon the throne had caught him in its glow, but he did not shrink from its searching. Fearless and unabashed, he stood by his beliefs.

A policeman was killed in the struggle, and when the leaders of the mob were captured, they were sentenced to be hanged. They met their fate bravely, exclaiming on the scaffold: "God save Ireland." The phrase sank into the Irish mind, and became the watchword of the country. Parnell, too, stored it in his heart; he also was still waiting, still brooding.

Suddenly he resolved to enter Parliament, and at once he became eager and full of action. In 1874 he stood as a candidate for Dublin, but he was defeated. His defeat roused little disappointment. Those who knew him at the time saw nothing extraordinary in this pale-faced, dark-eyed young man who had suddenly shown a desire to enter Parliament as a Home Ruler. "I was struck," says Mr T. W. Russell, "by what I thought his extraordinary political ignorance and incapacity. He knew nothing, and I thought he would never do anything." But the dark-eyed young man was destined to surprise every one. Ten years later he was the leader of his party, with the whole of Ireland so much in his power that he was called an uncrowned king. His long habit of brooding may not have taught him much of the actual history of the Irish people, but it had attuned him so perfectly to their moods and their aspirations that he had become really an embodiment of his nation; when passion was upon him he was no longer an individual; he was Ireland.

In 1875 Parnell found a seat in the House of Commons. Irish affairs in the English Parliament at the moment were in the hands of Isaac Butt, a courteous, moderate man, who had no desire to push matters to an unpleasant climax. "I am not," he said, "in favour of a policy of exasperation." Parnell took a directly opposite view. He had no belief in quiet methods. He wanted to exasperate; he wanted to make himself unpleasant. "We



Charles Stewart Parnell

Photo William Lawrence

stains of blood. Tracking these stains to a well, the soldiers found inside the piled-up bodies of the women and children who had been killed by the knives of Nana's men. Horror seized the hearts of the troops as they looked at the ghastly remains; then rage sprang up, black and uncontrollable, and they thirsted for the blood of their enemies.

In these days a shadow lay on Havelock's stern brow. He could look back with satisfaction upon fights well fought, and upon a march of heroic bravery, but the satisfaction was darkened by the remembrance of the sufferings he had been unable to prevent, and the reflection that the same things might even then be happening in Lucknow threw him into torment. To Lucknow the troops must next press, and as quickly as possible he began the march. By now all Oudh was in open rebellion. Seven thousand sepoy had marched on Lucknow. In front of Havelock lay, at the best, a stiff fight; at the worst, death "with our swords in our hands." In this spirit he urged on his men, never leading them recklessly into danger, but sternly forcing them to do the very utmost that was in their power. Step by step the English soldiers forced their way, but the rebels were cunningly stationed, and they were skilled in warfare. Again and again there were encounters, and still Lucknow was waiting for help. Cholera fought for Nana, and many English soldiers were lost by this disease, but Havelock's mind was rigidly bent upon reaching Lucknow. Weeks went by and still he was not there. Outram, meanwhile, had come to his aid. His appointment made him Havelock's military superior, but 'the Bayard of India' refused to take any advantage. "To you," he said, "shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already struggled so much. I shall . . . serve under you as a

will never," he said, "gain anything from England, unless we tread upon her toes." He hated England, and he believed that England hated Ireland. "In the opinion of an English statesman," he once said bitterly, "no man is good in Ireland until he is dead and buried, and unable to strike a blow for Ireland."

With feelings such as these in his heart it is no wonder he and Isaac Butt eyed each other with jealousy. Before long Butt found there was good reason for his own fear, for Parnell was pushing him from his position. Little by little Parnell gained ground, till Butt found himself seriously thrust aside. In his place stood the triumphant Parnell, his face sombre, his manner aloof, but betraying by his restless hands the nervous tension under which he always lived. Those who did not know Parnell well were often amazed at his power over his followers. He appeared so cold and aloof, and yet his disciples flew to do his bidding. But the men who knew him better were aware that he was a sleeping volcano, calm and peaceful to the casual eye, but inwardly seething. On a public platform he was the idol of thousands; yet he disliked public meetings. "I am always nervous," he said. "I dislike crowds." He covered his nervousness with a cloak of coldness and often appeared to be the only calm person in a meeting shouting itself hoarse in his praises. In little matters he was full of superstition. It was unlucky to burn three candles at once; to pass another person on the stairs; and once he flew into a great passion because he found his bedroom at a hotel was numbered thirteen! Yet even in these weaknesses of his he was the true embodiment of Ireland, wistful, credulous, and for ever hoping.

By 1880 Parnell had made himself so dominant that he was the leader of the whole Irish party. Irish matters

were in a desperate state. Landlords and tenants were bitterly at war among themselves, and the Irish National Land League was in full swing. Supposing a tenant was evicted from a farm, what was to be done with the man who took his place? Parnell had an answer ready. "You must show him," he cried . . . "by leaving him severely alone, by putting him into a moral coventry, by isolating him from his kind as if he was a leper of old—you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed, and you may depend upon it that there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to shame, as to dare the public opinion of all right-thinking men and to transgress your unwritten code of laws." In this manner began the system now known as 'boycotting.'

In 1881 an unbridled public speech brought Parnell into prison. Confinement was galling to his restless spirit, but his sufferings only strengthened his reputation, and prison added a new glory to the halo his followers already saw round his head. But scarcely was he free again when a great disaster laid him low. Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, almost immediately after his arrival in Dublin, was murdered in Phoenix Park by some men belonging to an Irish gang known as the 'Invincibles.' With him was also killed Mr Burke, the Under Secretary.

Parnell had no share in these crimes, but he felt that every one would hold him responsible. He offered to resign his office as leader of the Irish party in the House of Commons, and his haggard looks told how much he was suffering. Englishmen spoke of him with bitter hatred, but in Ireland he was still so popular that his admirers raised a sum of nearly £40,000 in token of their gratitude to him. Nevertheless for the next two years (1882-1884) he did very little. He was unwell; he was

worried ; and for once Ireland had to wait. His enemies, meanwhile, lay secretly watching, determined sooner or later to take their revenge.

In 1887 their opportunity came, and the *Times* reproduced a letter, apparently signed by Parnell, declaring that though the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish was to be lamented, Mr Burke had only got what he deserved. Here was scandal enough ! The halfpenny newspapers had not yet arisen and all England was under the influence of the *Times*. If it could be proved that Parnell was on the side of crime, then his career was over. The general supporters of Home Rule, and the more intimate followers of Parnell, were alike flung into despair. Parnell himself at first remained unmoved. He said shortly that the letter was a forgery, and in the House of Commons he denounced his unknown enemy. But the *Times* had not yet done with him. More articles appeared on "Parnellism and Crime," and the Government formed a special committee to inquire into the case. The trial began in October 1888, but stopped abruptly in February 1889, when Piggot, the man who was at the bottom of the conspiracy, broke down as a witness and fled to Madrid, where he confessed, just before committing suicide, that he had forged the whole document.

Scarcely was Parnell out of this difficulty when new troubles came upon him. His private life was attacked, and a great many of his followers left him. So fierce was the excitement that Ireland became divided between two parties, the Parnellites and the Anti-Parnellites, and everything—even Home Rule—was forgotten in the struggle of the moment. Attack roused Parnell's spirit to full fury. He refused to be beaten ; refused to acknowledge the split in his ranks, and flung himself into the midst of his enemies, hitting out all round with a heat and

tenacity that delighted his friends and astonished his accusers. But the contest was too much for even his dauntless heart. Ill-health put an arresting hand upon him, and in 1891 he died after a few days' illness.

His death shook Ireland from end to end. His failings were forgotten ; his virtues enhanced. Ireland had been the pivot of his life. He had had no private ambitions ; he had sought neither greatness nor wealth. But he had worked for his country with passion and devotion, and now that the prophet was no more, in his still body Ireland saw herself laid low.

Phase III—Empire-Building

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK

"It isn't life that matters; it is the courage you bring to it."—HUGH WALPOLE

IF Sir Henry Havelock had been a man who cared about a proud pedigree, he might have spent time in proving a connexion between himself and the ancient chief, Havelock the Dane. But he looked on life with a plain, sensible glance, and such trifles as descent held no interest for him. He made it his business to do his duty, and in the doing of it he gave his name a glory above that of birth. Buried in India, under a mangotree carved at first with the simple epitaph "H," his name is now held securely in reverence among Englishmen everywhere.

He was born in 1795, not far from Sunderland. His father, a successful builder, soon retired and went to live in Kent, and here most of Havelock's early life was passed. One of a family of four boys, he was certainly not spoilt. Before he was six he went daily to a school some miles away, and from there, three years later, to Charterhouse. He was rather a solemn boy, and liked reading better than games. 'Old Phlos' the boys called him, which was short for 'Philosopher.' The nickname only amused Havelock. Behind his quiet manner he had plenty of pluck and endless determination. If it came to a matter of blows he could usually do more than hold his own.

He left school with a very distinct liking for Greek and Latin, and intending to make the law his profession, but scarcely was he settled in an office when misfortunes overtook his father. Money supplies were stopped. The future looked rather dismal. Havelock had an energetic elder brother, William Havelock, a soldier of some reputation, who now took his younger brother's career in hand, and settled matters by getting him a commission in what is now a rifle brigade. His difficulties thus solved for him, Havelock became a soldier and so took the first step in a career that was to end at Lucknow.

In disposition he was well suited for soldiering. He was brave; never idle; accustomed to discipline; and prepared to perfect himself in every detail that might be of use in his profession. With this last aim in view he spent much of his first seven years of home service in studying military history. At the end of the seven years he had no acquaintance with active service, but in his young head he carried a knowledge of military strategy far above that of many generals. Tired of the monotonous round of barrack life, he exchanged in 1823 into the 13th Light Infantry, and at twenty-eight he sailed for India, eager for action and ready for any hardships. His enthusiasm, and the solid strength of his character, made him admired among the men, and he gathered round him a little knot of soldiers to whom he showed himself more openly. He believed very earnestly in God, and he helped them to do the same. "Havelock's Saints," jeered the others, but on the field the 'Saints' proved that they could fight with unflinching courage. "I wish to God the whole regiment were 'Havelock's Saints,'" exclaimed one blunt general.

The Burmese War gave Havelock experience but it did not bring him any great reward. In those days the army

was built upon the rotten foundation of 'purchase.' Ability was often outdone by wealth. For a sum of money any man might buy promotion, but only a man of exceptional cleverness could hope to attract the notice necessary for advancement. And so it often happened that the rich man found everything falling into his grasp, while abler men who were poor looked on, indignant at being left out in the cold, but helpless through lack of money. There was no wealth behind Havelock, and he did not hesitate to grumble at his ill fortune. He knew his own worth, and he grudged seeing men preferred who had little but money in their favour. The idea of writing suggested itself. He would write a book and take a short cut to fame and fortune, and so *Memoirs of Campaigns in Asia* came out in the year 1829. But neither reputation nor wealth followed in its train. The style was stiff and formal; the subject uninteresting to the average man, and the book fell dead from the press. A second attempt in 1840, issued as *Memoirs of Campaigns in Afghanistan*, met with no happier fate than the first, and after this second failure Havelock gave up writing, having proved that he would never make money that way.

By 1839 he was still in India. He had done a great deal of useful work and he had risen to the rank of captain. His men were splendidly under his control, and even those who held him in no special affection admired this capable officer, a martinet in points of discipline, but never stinting praise when praise was merited, and thoroughly in earnest in his efforts to make his soldiers sober, god-fearing and dauntless.

A brief year in Afghanistan (1840-1841) was followed by further service in India, till even Havelock's tough frame began to show signs of wear and tear, and in 1849 he was forced to go back to England. After so many years

of absence England was strange and unfamiliar. The worship of money struck him unpleasantly. "Avarice," he wrote, "is the great idol, greater even than fame just now." In 1851 he was back in India, heartily glad to be in service once more. A few quiet years slipped by and then suddenly and without warning the British army found itself facing the horrors of the Indian Mutiny.

At the first outbreak the news seemed unbelievable, so quiet was the country thought to be. For a long time there had been disloyalty in certain quarters. Some of the native princes were splendidly true, but not all. Among these latter more than one far-seeing would-be rebel had watched the Crimean War with interest. England did not emerge from the war with great triumph. It was said that Russia's power had increased, and the Indian princes who were disaffected hugged to themselves the hope that England's greatness was beginning to dwindle. There were other causes for annoyance. Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, was very anxious to strengthen English rule in India, and equally anxious to do all that he could to improve the general conditions among the natives. With this end in view he annexed Oudh, believing it would be to the good of both countries. To the jealous-eyed Indians annexation seemed to be the passing of all native power, and though for a time they said nothing, at heart they were bitterly resentful.

Most resentful of all was Nana Sahib, the last prince of one of the great Mahratta dynasties, who had been dethroned by the East India Company, which at that time still ruled India. Nana Sahib pretended friendship to the English, but his smiling face hid a treacherous heart. Very craftily he went to work with every expression of good will to England. But in the depths of his mind he was planning murder and massacre. The

opportunity for an outlet of his hatred came suddenly, through a rumour in the native army that the cartridges the soldiers had to use were greased either with the fat of the cow, a sacred animal, or of the pig, detested as unclean. A match will set blazing a great fire, and this rumour proved the match to the Mutiny. From here and there came news of disaffection and rebellion, and before the bewildered English had time to grasp the situation, all Oudh was in a ferment. At Cawnpore the worst was to happen, where the Europeans were hastily huddled into a stronghold, so feebly protected and so insufficiently supplied with food that it was anything but a stronghold. Sir Hugh Wheeler was in command, and Wheeler had so often led sepoy troops that he had grown to believe in their loyalty and would not listen to any suggestion of revolt till rebellion was on the threshold, and the Europeans, silent, miserable, and full of fears, had fled to the scanty protection of the garrison.

What happened was even worse than any one had feared. The treacherous Nana offered the fugitives safe conduct; they relied on his honour and went out unarmed. Death fell upon them speedily. The men were shot down or massacred, the women and children thrust into wretched quarters, there to await their turn for the butcher's knife. Meanwhile Havelock and his troops were marching to the rescue, regardless of hardship, and burning to reach the goal. Nana's troops barred the way, and before Cawnpore was in sight the two armies met four times in battle. Cholera and bullets had terribly thinned the English ranks; long marches under the overpowering heat of an Indian July sun had tried the strength of the strongest; 120 miles were covered in nine days; heroism could do no more. But when Cawnpore was reached no welcome awaited them; nothing but silence and terrible

stains of blood. Tracking these stains to a well, the soldiers found inside the piled-up bodies of the women and children who had been killed by the knives of Nana's men. Horror seized the hearts of the troops as they looked at the ghastly remains; then rage sprang up, black and uncontrollable, and they thirsted for the blood of their enemies.

In these days a shadow lay on Havelock's stern brow. He could look back with satisfaction upon fights well fought, and upon a march of heroic bravery, but the satisfaction was darkened by the remembrance of the sufferings he had been unable to prevent, and the reflection that the same things might even then be happening in Lucknow threw him into torment. To Lucknow the troops must next press, and as quickly as possible he began the march. By now all Oudh was in open rebellion. Seven thousand sepoy had marched on Lucknow. In front of Havelock lay, at the best, a stiff fight; at the worst, death "with our swords in our hands." In this spirit he urged on his men, never leading them recklessly into danger, but sternly forcing them to do the very utmost that was in their power. Step by step the English soldiers forced their way, but the rebels were cunningly stationed, and they were skilled in warfare. Again and again there were encounters, and still Lucknow was waiting for help. Cholera fought for Nana, and many English soldiers were lost by this disease, but Havelock's mind was rigidly bent upon reaching Lucknow. Weeks went by and still he was not there. Outram, meanwhile, had come to his aid. His appointment made him Havelock's military superior, but 'the Bayard of India' refused to take any advantage. "To you," he said, "shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already struggled so much. I shall . . . serve under you as a

volunteer." He kept his word nobly, even at the moment when Havelock, excited by the sight of the goal, resolved to force an entry by a dangerous path. A longer but safer route was possible, and in Outram's eyes to be preferred. But Havelock was all for getting there at once, and Outram gave way. On 25th September they reached the garrison. A mighty welcome awaited them. Careworn men and anxious-eyed women threw themselves on the generals in an ecstasy. The danger was still not over; Havelock had brought troops but no stores; the town had still to be 'relieved,' but the worst anxiety was gone; 'the Campbells were coming'; there was joy in the air. Every day English help drew nearer, but it was not till 16th November that Sir Colin Campbell entered the town and Lucknow was really safe.

To-day Indian troops are magnificently fighting in the cause of England, and the tie of loyalty and good will between the two countries is closer than ever it has been before, but at the moment of the Mutiny England was shocked into believing every Indian a monster of cruelty. "There are some," wrote Lord Canning to the Queen, "who entirely refuse to believe in the fidelity or good will of any native toward any European; although many instances of the kindness and generosity of both Hindoos and Mohammedans have come upon record during these troubles."

Happily these dissensions are now over, and the page of the Mutiny has been turned in history. It holds some immortal names. Outram, Campbell, Lawrence, Neill, Nicholson, Havelock—none will ever be forgotten. Of these, few lived to return to England. Lawrence and Neill were killed at Lucknow. Nicholson, fatally injured during the attack on Delhi, died a few days later. Havelock did not long survive him. He entered Lucknow in

September, and two months later he became very ill. Long years of service in India had not added to his strength. He was sixty-two, but his whitened hair gave him the look of old age. On the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell at Lucknow, in November, Havelock co-operated with him with his old bravery, but he was seized with dysentery in a few days, and carried to Campbell's camp. There, four days afterward, he died. A day or two later Queen Victoria made him a baronet, not knowing he was already dead. The honour was handed on to his son, like his father a brave soldier. But Havelock himself slept fittingly under a mango-tree, not far from the town toward which he had fought his way with a courage beyond all quenching.

LORD LAWRENCE

"For such things as honour and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think that we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence."—R. L. STEVENSON

OUT of a lively family of twelve, John Lawrence was the eighth child. His father, a poor army officer, was a vivacious and daring man, who always held a grudge against the British army because it had rewarded him so poorly. Because of this he did not encourage his sons to be soldiers, but they, on the contrary, thought carrying a gun the finest profession in life, and in time the three eldest, one after another, entered the army. By-and-by it was John Lawrence's turn to leave school. So far his education had been rather varied. Born in Yorkshire in 1811, he had since moved with the family to more than one new neighbourhood, and from a day school in Bristol he had gone to a boarding-school in North Ireland. He was an impetuous, brave-hearted boy, and he asked for nothing better than to copy his brothers and become, like them, a soldier. This glittering dream was broken by the stern order of his father. He was not to go into the army, but he might enter the Indian Civil Service. The boy was furious with disappointment, but in the word 'India' he saw a speck of brightness, and cherishing this consolation, he went to Haileybury, which was then a college of the East India Company. In time he passed his examinations, and in 1829 he set sail for India, a boy of eighteen, full of life and eagerness, but not showing any special signs of greatness. He went out to earn his

living, and none among those who watched him go imagined they were seeing him off on the path to glory and fame. "That he would die 'Lord Lawrence of the Punjab,'" says Mr Bosworth Smith, "would have seemed as absurd and incredible as the prediction in the nursery story to young Dick Whittington, that he would one day become Lord Mayor, nay, thrice Lord Mayor of London." The last farewells were said; the vessel moved off. John Lawrence looked back on his native shore. Soon it was out of sight and he was on his way to an unknown land. Less than anyone else did he imagine what destiny held in store for him.

Though he had no friends to help him in his career in India, he had one very good thing in his favour. He was strong and healthy, and well suited to battle with the fierceness of the climate at Delhi and the general insanitary conditions of the town. He loved adventures and he was never frightened, and in between his hours of work he threw himself boldly into all sorts of wild expeditions, both in the jungle and among the native quarters, so that later in life he always had a story ready for children, and would delight them by saying: "Which shall it be? A hunt, a robbery or a murder."

With so much to thrill him, time did not hang on his hands, and he flung himself enthusiastically into both work and play. Illness more than once laid him by the heels, for though he was naturally very strong, he soon fell before sickness. But once better, he was as gay and vigorous as before, intent upon filling up every moment of life.

A short visit home in 1840 led to a very happy marriage, and in the autumn of 1842 he sailed for India quietly confident in the future, but still unaware he had greatness before him. A doctor had warned him he could not live in India. "Then I must die there," was his only answer.

A man so determined was not likely to be alarmed at anything that might befall him. His one thought was to find something to do, and to keep on doing it. With great delight, therefore, in 1846 he found himself appointed Commissioner of the newly established Jullundur Doab territory. Though he was but thirty-five years of age, he now had power in his hands, and greater power might follow.

Before Lawrence had been long established in his new work India entered upon a new phase, through the appointment of Lord Dalhousie as Governor-General. Dalhousie was capable and far-seeing. He realized that India was divided among itself and he resolved to bind as much of it as possible to England. To do this he began a policy of annexation, and in 1849 he declared the Punjab a British province. A Board of three persons were to govern it, John Lawrence, his brother, Henry Lawrence, and an old school friend, Robert Montgomery. The three men were capable, honourable, and hard-working; from their hands the Indians might expect far more justice than they had ever met with from their own princes. Outwardly all was well; but wrapped within the calm was a spark of suspicion which a clever agitator might easily fan into a flame of rebellion.

Henry and John Lawrence were fond of each other, but they were both men of strong character and determination. Presently difficulties arose on the Board. Henry, though a soldier, was the more tender-hearted and impulsive; John, the Civil Servant, was more cautious and less easily moved by sentiment. He never promised anything without first counting the cost, nor made an order without considering its wisdom, but once he had drawn up a scheme he expected it carried out in every detail, even if it had to be ruthlessly done. The difficulties between the two men thus deepened, and were only solved by the appointment

of Henry Lawrence to Rajputana. The brothers parted regretfully; the old affection was as strong as ever; it was only work that divided them. It was a bitter disappointment to Henry Lawrence to leave the Punjab, but he accepted the change cheerfully. His many admirers and disciples were less pleased. Several even looked darkly at John Lawrence, believing he had ousted a better man than himself.

Upon the departure of his brother, John Lawrence became practically supreme in the Punjab. It was a surprising post for a man of his age and position to hold. He was but forty, and in his own district he was practically supreme. He had succeeded entirely by his own solid work. But there was more still to be done. Much had been accomplished, but what of the future? Lawrence saw before him an unending string of difficulties. The knowledge did not fill him with concern. He was ready to face anything that life might bring.

While Lawrence was thus struggling with the innumerable difficulties of his post, England was contemplating war with Russia. After being at peace for so many years the public was quite ready to taste the novelties of war. The horrors of battle were forgotten in the glitter of epaulets and the beating of drums. The few who dared to raise a voice against bloodshed were quickly drowned by a chorus of contempt. Gaily, thoughtlessly, eagerly, England plunged into the Crimean War.

A few short months were enough to show the grimmer side of the struggle. The cries of the wounded and the dying rose even higher than the drums of battle; uniforms grew ragged and displayed flesh eaten with sores and wounds. Popular excitement began to turn into resentment, and reproaches began to take the place of exultation. In India some of the less well-intentioned princes

began to nod their heads and say that the rule of England was growing weaker. Secret spies sent over to England came back with tales that made the princes who had sent them more gleeful than ever. Very quietly disaffection was set on foot; and, unknown to the English, everything moved toward rebellion.

The outburst was somewhat slow in coming. The Oriental mind moves in a zigzag line, and disloyalty was hidden under elaborate shows of submission; there was nothing to reveal danger even to the keenest eye. Quite suddenly the crisis burst. The cartridges supplied to the sepoy troops were said to be greased either with the sacred fat of the cow, or the detested fat of the pig. Before these cartridges were placed in the rifles it was necessary for the soldiers to bite them at the end. The superstitious sepoy indignantly refused to sully his lips at the command of the British sahib, and before the bewildered officers had time to realize what had happened rebellion was blazing in a dozen places. There was mutiny at Meerut; Delhi was captured; Cawnpore was threatened; Lucknow was in danger.

At the moment of the outbreak (10th May 1857) Lawrence was in poor health, but he sprang to the occasion like a hero. A prompt order by his representative, Montgomery, at Lahore had forced the sepoy troops in that district to lay down their arms. Similar orders at other important stations saved the Punjab from the worst danger, but the daily tale of horrors from other places made vigilance a grim necessity.

In the centre of the struggle stood Lawrence, worn with ill health and anxiety, but radiant with courage and resourcefulness. He saw everything, faced everything, and had an order for every emergency. Willing helpers carried out his directions, but it was his brain that guided

their plans, his courage that fed their bravery. Through all the terrible anxiety he did not lose sight of justice. He would have no share in revenge, and he indignantly refused to listen to schemes of destruction, or of attack upon buildings sacred to the Indian race. After Delhi had been recaptured by the English, largely through the help of Nicholson's column, which Lawrence had sent to the rescue, some one suggested that the splendid mosque in the town should be destroyed. "I will on no account consent to it," he said. "We should carefully abstain from the destruction of religious edifices, either to favour friends or to annoy foes."

The capture of Delhi brought a crowning glory to Lawrence's career, but the joy of the victory was deeply saddened by the death of Nicholson in the moment of victory. Lawrence burst into tears at the news. "He was a glorious soldier," he said; "it is long before we shall come upon his like again."

Honours now began to fall quickly upon Lawrence. He was made a baronet; the East India Company voted him £2000 a year for life; the English universities offered him degrees; the freedom of the City of London was his. He was warm-hearted enough to enjoy these marks of appreciation. He valued them because of the affection they showed, and he accepted them gracefully. Though money and titles had little real value in his eyes he was too great a man to be scornful of the little things of life. The sense of respect which had held him back from wanton destruction of buildings sacred to the Moslem or the Hindu made him accept kindnesses in the spirit they were offered. Long-continued office had not given him ceremony, nor robbed him of kindness. In 1863 he was further honoured by being appointed Governor-General of India, and once during these years he gave great offence

because he received a deputation of officials from Calcutta without remembering to change his slippers. He was astounded when he heard he had been considered guilty of rudeness. "Why," he said to his secretary, "they were quite new and good slippers!"

A viceroy, Lawrence found, did not live a life free from petty troubles. Some men resented his appointment because he was of middle-class birth and had made his own position, while slack officials declared he was interfering, because he insisted on looking into every detail about the country under his care. But these complaining voices were few. The rest were unanimous in declaring there had never been a governor-general like him. Three splendid Durbars were held during his term of service, and at each he was able to address the native troops in their own language. This of itself won him respect with the Indians. They saw in him no stranger suddenly set in authority over them, but a man who had lived many years among them, who knew their tongue, and respected their customs.

In 1869 Lawrence, who was now a peer, gave up his office and returned to England. Ten years of life were still left him, and these he spent in the quiet, happy fashion he loved so dearly but was so seldom able to enjoy. Brave to the end he fought against the signs of illness, and never confessed himself unwell until the day before his death, in June 1879. Through the wisdom and prudence of his administration in the Punjab he had done more than any man of his day to arrest disaffection and to strengthen the position of England in India, but so modest was the man, and so untiring his labours, that he stands out in the public imagination not as a haughty and vainglorious conqueror, but as that better thing, a man who quietly and persistently did his duty.

GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

*"O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee."*

FRANCIS THOMPSON

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON came of fighting, Highland stock. His forbears had taken field for the Stewarts, and to their descendants had been handed a deep sense of loyalty and honour. In Charles Gordon these qualities sprang anew, and with them budded a profound sense of a power higher than kings, and of a duty above any allegiance to a monarch. He lived daily in the presence of God; for him there was no unknown. He looked for God everywhere, and everywhere he found Him. Upon this simple confidence his whole character was built. It gave him happiness; it gave him strength.

He was born in 1833 at Woolwich. His father was an officer in the Royal Artillery, and the boy grew up in an atmosphere of arms and warfare. He soon decided that he also would be a soldier, and before he was twenty he entered the Royal Engineers. His schooldays had been passed in Taunton, where he had been known as a merry, noisy boy, fond of playing practical jokes, and never still. There was no malice in his disposition and his jokes were only the result of high spirits and a love of fun. If blame fell upon him he never tried to avoid it; truthfulness was



General Gordon

Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.



Cecil Rhodes

G. F. Watts

Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

one of his most decided characteristics, and his steady grey eyes never feared to look any one in the face. He disliked being interfered with, and he believed very strongly in his own conclusions, though he was apt to pass from one opinion to another with a rapidity that perplexed and irritated those of less flexible mind. Toward such would-be obstructors of his path Gordon was sublimely indifferent, going on his way without giving them a thought. All his movements were rapid—on foot, on horseback, or astride a camel. "He travels like a whirlwind," wrote a friend. The same thing might be said of his mind, so quickly did he pass from thought to thought.

At twenty-two Gordon found himself taking part in the Crimean War. He was wounded before Sebastopol, but he treated his injury lightly. Pain had little power over so vigorous a personality. Like Nelson, he could meet with a smile injuries under which other men would have groaned. Already he had no time to be concerned over lesser ills. He realized Death and he realized Life; and before these two great forces smaller things dwindled.

From the Crimea he was sent to Armenia for the purpose of settling the question of boundaries, and it was not till 1858 that he was back in England. But he was not to stay long in his own country; China had need of him next; and in 1860 he was sent off to Shanghai to protect the interests of the English merchants there. Though he was under thirty, he had a very definite personality, and an eye that let nothing pass by unnoticed. This keen glance showed him the very real danger that was beginning to threaten the Chinese throne from the rebels who later on became known as the 'Tai-pings.' Several half-hearted attempts to crush the rebellion did nothing except weaken the position of the Chinese Emperor, who very thankfully received from the English Government the offer of the

services of Gordon. Consequently Gordon was put at the head of the Chinese forces, ambitiously styled the 'Ever Victorious Army,' and at thirty this young Englishman, a major of a year's standing, found himself regarded as the bulwark of a foreign nation, ready to put entire confidence in his judgment. It was a position well suited to bring out the best in Gordon's character. Unhampered by regulations, he was capable of flashes of genius; he chafed under rules and etiquette, but once given a free hand, he became inspired. His honesty and his uprightness impressed themselves deeply upon the Chinese mind. Courageous themselves, they could appreciate the bravery of a man who was so little afraid of his foes that he would ride into action armed only with a light bamboo cane, which the admiring natives named 'the magic wand.'

Under Gordon's vigorous leadership the Chinese troops rapidly improved; discipline was improved; determination was strengthened. The Tai-pings, finding they had a new foe, made desperate efforts to carry all before them. But in spite of their opposition Gordon captured Soochow in 1864 and the back of the rebellion was broken. But the victory at Soochow was followed by treachery on the part of Gordon's Chinese allies. The rebel leaders, known as 'Wangs' or kings, had been promised safety. To his anger Gordon found they had been murdered through the strategy of his ally, Li Hung Chang. He faced Li Hung Chang with indignation, and declared he would have no more to do with the movement. The Emperor in despair offered him money and gifts, but for some time Gordon was immovable. Such an example of honourable dealing with the enemy was perplexing to the Oriental mind, but it added to the respect in which Gordon was already held, and made his position in China stronger than ever. After

an interval he went back to the troops, and in 1864 he stormed Chang-chu-fu and thus completed the overthrow of the rebellious Tai-pings. The victory was a triumph for Gordon, but he cared very little for any sort of honours, though he found real satisfaction in the thought that he had secured the safety of thousands against the cruelty of the Tai-pings, who knew neither honour nor mercy.

Before the appearance of Gordon on the field, Nanking had been besieged by the Tai-pings, and the frightened citizens had flung themselves on the mercy of their besiegers. But what did they find? In the words of the Tai-pings: "We killed them all to the infant in arms; and the bodies of the slain we cast into the Yangtze." In the reflection that he had set up a bulwark against future horrors of this sort Gordon found the reward that he valued. Titles, gewgaws, money, decorations—these could not tempt the man who hated ceremonies, who had no interest in dress, and who only ate to keep himself alive. A lady once found him about to take a meal. A pot of tea and a very stale loaf stood before him. He broke the loaf in pieces, crumbled it into the tea and ate it without a wish for anything better. To a man with his eyes so firmly fixed on Life and Death the comforts of existence were of very small value. The Chinese Emperor made him a mandarin of the first rank, and gave him the 'Yellow Jacket,' by which he had a place in the Emperor's bodyguard; he also offered him money, but the latter gift was refused, and Gordon went back to England, saying: "I do not care a jot about my promotion or what people may say. I know I shall leave China as poor as when I entered it, but with the knowledge that, through my weak instrumentality, upwards of eighty to one hundred thousand lives have been spared. I want no further satisfaction than this."

In 1865 he landed in England. His arrival made no stir. He was practically an unknown man, and for the next six years he lived at Gravesend, in command of the Royal Engineers. The neglected condition of some of the boys in the streets aroused his attention, and his spare time was spent in work among the ragged and destitute. He got together a little company of boys whom he called his 'Wangs,' and for years he helped them on and took an interest in all their doings. In return they gave him a devotion that was dearer to Gordon than any riband or decoration.

After this quiet interval in England he was once more swept into foreign service. He was sent to the Black Sea as British Commissioner in 1871, and three years later he went to Egypt, where the Khedive appointed him Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, for the purpose of bringing in reforms. It was a miserable climate, and Gordon arrived to find "heat and mosquitoes day and night all the year round." But the discomfort of the mosquitoes was nothing to the horror which he felt at the cruelty he saw all round him among the victims of the slave trade. Gordon threw himself into this new battle against oppression with his usual fiery energy. The sight of evil was always enough to make his blood boil and he would ride at once to the rescue without a thought of any evil consequence to himself. His indignation was so great that he could think of nothing but vengeance upon the evil-doers. This blindness to his own peril made him perform deeds at whose daring less reckless men were agape, though Gordon himself saw nothing remarkable in them. He nearly always outrode or outwatched his companions, and once when he arrived first at a camp of slave dealers he rode, defenceless and unarmed, straight into the circle of his enemies, without waiting for his own

men to come up. Such courage made him the idol of the ill-treated men and women whom he had taken under his protection, and so great was the reverence and trust placed in him, that in 1884, when Khartoum was threatened by the Mahdi, and news came that Gordon was at hand, all uneasiness in the city vanished like magic, and men and women poured out to kneel down and welcome the coming of the man whom they looked upon as a saviour.

Gordon's life in the Sudan was full of hardship. He worked day and night against the evils he found there, using up the whole of his energy in the struggle. He fought cheerfully, for he enjoyed fighting, but underneath all his good humour and his cheerfulness lay a profound depression. The badness of the world weighed upon his spirits, and he could not forget the terrible wrongs which flourished around him. Worst of all was the thought that it was the same everywhere. The conclusion he reached was that a man must do his duty every moment of the day, and in this spirit he incessantly wrestled onward, though at the bottom of his heart gnawed ever the thought that evil still held its own. He wrote home explaining what he hoped to do. "With terrific exertion," he says, "in two or three years I may, with God's administration, make a good province . . . and then I will come home and go to bed, and never get up again till noon every day, and never walk more than a mile." Underneath his energy, his fiery restlessness, and his travelling 'like a whirlwind,' Gordon knew what it was to be weary at heart. He was no laughing pilgrim through life. His cheerful unconcern was not built upon ignorance. He saw life at its best and its worst; and he had proved that happiness lies only in struggle.

In 1880 Gordon came back to England. He had realized his ambition; the slave trade was no more. But

in England he was still almost unknown, and the public only recognized him vaguely as "the soldier who had been in the Sudan."

For the next four years he was kept busy with several minor foreign commissions, but in 1884 Egypt again claimed him. The Khedive was becoming very uneasy through the rising of a religious leader in the Sudan who called himself the Mahdi and had collected round him a large following of people who looked upon him as a divinely appointed king. There were several loyal garrisons in the Sudan, the chief being at Khartoum. These men were in danger from the Mahdi, so that in these circumstances England resolved it would be wiser to withdraw English influence from the Sudan. Gordon accordingly was sent thither for the purpose of bringing the garrisons back into safety. The mission did not altogether please him. He knew too well the difficulties of the Sudan, and, moreover, he was on the verge of going to the Congo on behalf of Leopold, King of the Belgians. But the claims of Leopold were set aside for the claims of the British army, and in 1884 Gordon entered Egypt, never again to leave it. Once arrived at Khartoum, he found the difficulties much greater than he had thought. It was no use merely withdrawing the garrison to safety—that would have left the town at the mercy of the Mahdi, who was much stronger than Gordon had expected to find him, and to abandon the helpless was at all times a thing Gordon would never do. Moreover, the Khedive had instructed Gordon to draw up a settled form of government, so that he could not merely evacuate the town without breaking faith with the Khedive, to whom he was responsible as well as to the British Government. In this dilemma he telegraphed to England a message that if he was to accomplish anything worth doing "the Mahdi must be

smashed up." Several times he sent messages of the same kind, showing the urgent need for troops, but no troops came. Gordon was still a mere nobody in England—some people even thought him a Chinaman, because he was often called 'Chinese Gordon'—and the English officials were irritated by the imperious messages of this man they had put in command. They said he was "overstepping his orders," and a sense of public displeasure began to arise. Meanwhile Gordon was in Khartoum struggling with difficulties great enough to break the most heroic spirit.

After six weeks' cautious manoeuvring the Mahdi drew closer. Khartoum was besieged; no more messages could easily be got through. No more troublesome telegrams came to harass the British Government; but Gordon was shut up in Khartoum, and the Mahdi was laying plans. Two hundred English soldiers might have saved the situation; but none came.

As the difficulties grew greater Gordon and his colleagues formed an adventurous scheme. All the Europeans—a little handful—and all the English soldiers—about fifty—were to make a dash in a little boat and carry to the outside world news of the plight of Khartoum. The plan seemed well laid, and the expedition set off. One European—the Austrian consul—refused to leave Gordon; but the rest went, and Gordon was now practically alone in the city. On his shoulders fell the whole burden of the protection of the town of 40,000 souls. He set himself sternly to grapple with his task, thinking ever of the fate of the brave expedition on the river. Presently terrible news arrived. The boat had been seized. All its men had been murdered. Its documents and journals captured. With this calamity Gordon's last hope faded. During the grim days that followed his splendid courage never left him, but he felt bitterly the silence of his country. "I have

done my best for the honour of our country," he wrote in his journal just before his death. "Good-bye. You send me no information, though you have lots of money."

While he was thus drinking deeply from the cup of bitterness, he was working desperately hard on behalf of the city, staving off starvation, sending out defiant messages to the Mahdi, encouraging every one, keeping up discipline, writing in his journal, neglecting nothing, leaving no duty undone. Under this magnificent show of courage there grew slowly a deep-seated belief that his life would soon end in sacrifice. He accepted the idea calmly. "I have done my best for the honour of my country." On that he pinned his faith and prepared to wait serenely for any fate. It came early in 1885, in the chill dawn of a January morning. Hunger held the town in grip. Everything eatable had long since disappeared. Rats and shoe leather were the only food. No one could resist any longer. At dawn the troops of the Mahdi entered the town. Gordon heard the noise and knew what had happened. He left the house and went calmly into the streets, and there, it is supposed, he fell in the midst of the city whose safety he had valued far above his life.

A day and a half later English troops reached Khartoum. They came up with eager hearts, only to find a city of silence and desolation before them. There they stood, brave lines of England's choicest soldiers, but they were too late. Gordon was dead, and the whole of the British army could not bring back life to that heroic soul. He had perished believing himself abandoned by the Government; distrusted; ill-judged. But his death transfigured everything. Public imagination seized upon his tragic end, and he who had been more or less an unknown soldier became a hero, passionately adored. He died in "the path of duty"; he awakened to find it "the way to glory."

CECIL J. RHODES

"Have the elder races halted?

*Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond
the seas?*

*We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"*

WALT WHITMAN

IN a quiet country vicarage in the county of Hertfordshire there grew up five boys, of whom the youngest was Cecil J. Rhodes. He was born in 1835, in the little town of Bishop Stortford, with its winding, uphill main street lined with sober, old-fashioned shops, and its pleasant, outlying fields and meadows. By rail London is not many miles away, but in atmosphere the two places are far apart, and there is little of London's bustle about the town now famous as the birthplace of Cecil Rhodes. An old-established grammar school stands near by, and here Rhodes was educated till he was seventeen and it was time to set about the business of life.

At school he made no special mark. He was lively and good-natured, full of courage and ready for any adventure, but he was not particularly fond of games, nor was he cleverer in the classroom than many another boy of the same age. When he went out into the world he showed no promise of winning a place in history, or of raising himself out of the commonplace rut.

From school, he was sent to South Africa, where his first occupation was to grow cotton. One of his brothers had already taken up land for this purpose, and as Rhodes

was rather a delicate boy, he was sent out to join him. The life was rough, and not without hardship. One hut made a bedroom; another was a sitting-room; beyond these there was nothing but the veld.

Cotton-growing was not easy work. The land was poor, and there was always a risk of the crops failing. But Rhodes was young and determined, and quite prepared to try something else if the first thing should not succeed. Meanwhile he studied his fields, and began silently to observe the land into which he had come. The loneliness of his new life gave him many hours for thought; books were a treasure, and he read steadily in the classics, which he began to find a delight. The Roman outlook on life, with its devotion to the fatherland, and its unquestioning acceptance of the duty of a citizen, pleased the east of his mind, and he began dimly to dream of an imperial England. These dreams were kept to himself, for he was always slow to entrust his ideas to others, and though the long, brooding silences which came upon him were filled with thoughts of what might be, he seldom put them into words. At this time in history his hope of an Empire seemed the castle in the air of a dreaming youth; a fantastic scheme in the clouds, which less than a breath would blow into pieces.

Rhodes and his brother were scarcely established as growers of cotton in South Africa when the first diamond was discovered near the Orange River, and the condition of the country immediately changed. The rumour that there were diamonds to be had for the digging brought men of all sorts rushing into the country, and Vooruitzicht (or Kimberley) quickly changed from a quiet little place to a bustling, roaring camp. Thousands of diggers began pegging out claims, and among these pioneers was Rhodes' elder brother. A year later (1871) Cecil Rhodes himself



Cecil Rhodes

G. F. Watts

Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

were loyal there were a few who longed to throw off the English yoke. Very carefully these dissatisfied spirits began to make their plans, and scarcely a year after the Crimean War was ended by the Peace of Paris in 1856, and England was settling down to enjoy the benefits of peace, came the startling news that there was mutiny in India. England was totally unprepared for the announcement. During the war with Russia she had kept a watchful eye on the frontier, fearing trouble, but she had not expected an outbreak in the heart of the country.

So far Roberts had done no active fighting, but he was more than prepared for any emergency. Five years of steady work in India had turned him into a resourceful and clever soldier, and he was ready to be tested. He was staff officer to General Reed and his first duty now took him on a tour of inspection of the neighbouring towns, to Jhelum, to Rawal Pindi, to Warinzabad, and to Lahore. At Lahore there were hundreds of English women and children who had fled to the town for safety. Their lives might easily have been sacrificed but for the prompt decision of Montgomery, who, in the absence of John Lawrence, ordered a parade at which the native troops were forced to lay down their arms. Roberts did not stay long at Lahore. He pressed on with the troops to other stations, carrying dispatches which ordered the native troops to disarm. His messages were not always welcomed. One English colonel who trusted his men completely was so upset at the command that he cried: "What! disarm my regiment? I will answer with my life for the loyalty of every man."

The next order for Roberts was to move toward Delhi, which was being besieged by the enemy. This meant active service at last, and he eagerly hurried forward with the Bengal Artillery forces. As the troops drew

definitely left the cotton fields to take up life as a miner. His brother, always a restless and adventurous spirit, was already planning a new expedition, and with this aim in view he handed over his claim to Cecil J. Rhodes, now a youth of eighteen years old, who arrived at the camp with a pickaxe and a spade and a few of his well-thumbed Latin books. Thus he entered upon his new career, little guessing that with his pickaxe and his spade he was literally to find his fortune. So far his great idea was to make enough money to take him to Oxford and pay his fees at the University, and with this romantic intention he laboured daily in the camp.

His fondness for reading, and his long, brooding silences made him a puzzle to the rough-and-ready men around him. But those who knew him better were aware that he had some very different qualities. He knew how to govern others; he had tact and adroitness; and once he had set out upon a purpose nothing could turn him from his enterprise. His enterprise at the moment was to become an undergraduate at Oxford, and having saved up enough money for this purpose by 1873, this strange digger for diamonds put his business affairs at Kimberley into capable hands, and then, laying down his spade and his shovel, he entered as an undergraduate at Oriel College, with the intention of studying classics.

For the next eight years Rhodes spent a life varied between the solemn quadrangles at Oxford and the noisy, serambling camp at Kimberley. Backward and forward between the two he went, a puzzle to the men in both worlds. The miners heard of his bookishness with distrust; undergraduates were nonplussed by a comrade themselves only knew by debate. But Rhodes was not the man to be afraid of loneliness, and the charge of being

peculiar did not move him in the least. His goal was set clearly before him; it was his business to get there. To this purpose he bent the whole of his strength. Life seemed to him a great and important game. He resolved he would know how to play it like a man.

The motives which underlay his dream of an Empire were noble and generous. The hard side of his character, which enabled him to combat successfully with all his rivals, was always tempered by impulses of generosity. A pitiful tale easily touched his heart; and he gave readily and without noise or show. The Empire, as he dreamed of it, was to be "so great a Power as hereafter to render wars impossible and promote the best interests of humanity." In the march toward this aim money poured itself into his lap, but money was never his ultimate desire; he valued it only as a means to an end, and never wanted it for the purpose of making a great personal show in the world. It was power in the making and therefore desirable—that was how he regarded it; a useful commodity which might help to make real a colossal dream of Empire. In thought he was as bold as he was in deed, and he scanned unterrified a vision that the most hopeful might regard with doubt.

It was 1881 when Rhodes took his degree at Oxford, but some months earlier he had been made a member of the Cape Parliament. His growing importance, and his knowledge of the affairs of the world did not shake his belief in a University training. On the one hand he was a hard-headed man of affairs; on the other, a student still busy with romance. This remarkable combination in his character remained with him to the end, and in the midst of his most energetic schemes he was always a dreamer of dreams.

Rhodes was still under thirty when an important crisis

occurred in South African affairs. The Boer farmers rose suddenly against the English, crossed the borders of Natal, and at Majuba Hill completely defeated the small English troop sent against them. This led to the Treaty of Pretoria, which secured Home Rule to the Boers, under the suzerainty of England. Flushed with their success the Boers began to dream of further independence, and under their President, Paul Kruger, they made plans for extending their power. Rhodes' quick eye soon noticed the way things were drifting, and in the Cape Parliament he pointed out in bluff, undecorated speeches the importance of checking the advances of their neighbours. His early dreams had long since taken definite shape, and he now stood forward as the advocate of a United South Africa under British control. At the moment his ambition seemed little likely to be fulfilled, and in 1884 the Convention of London appeared to put it further off than ever, by restoring the name South African Republic and increasing the powers of the Boers.

While affairs were thus slowly moving toward a new crisis, Rhodes was busy extending the mines in his control. His own position had changed very much since the day when he came, a boy of eighteen, into the diggers' camp. He was now a wealthy mine-owner, feared and respected by hundreds of men, who were themselves of no mean wealth or intellect. His importance was further increased in 1889, when he joined with his rival, Barnet Isaacs, (popularly known as Barney Barnato) in the formation of a gigantic company, to which a Royal Charter gave practically unlimited rights of opening up and developing the country. The next year (1890) he was made Prime Minister of the Cape Parliament, and the cards of the game for realizing his old dream of a United South Africa seemed fairly in his hands. But a menace came in the Afrikander

Bond, the members of which had sworn their intention to establish "a South African nationality through the cultivation of a true love of this, our Fatherland." In accordance with this vow, the English language was attacked as the speech of foreigners, and every effort was made to foster the use of the Boer tongue, Boer customs, and Boer manners.

Rhodes was popular among the Boers, and in the early part of his career he was in sympathy with the Afrikaners, but afterward their growing opposition to everything English forced him into the position of an enemy. Simple and straightforward in his own outlook on life, he found it hard to deal with men who were suspicious under their friendliness. Whatever his faults, they were of the large, obvious kind, spread out for any one to see, and not covered up with flimsy compliments or pretences at friendship. He was a good friend, but he was also a good enemy, for he was free from the littleness and spite which are harder to combat than open hostility. "You've changed your views very hurriedly," some one once said to him. "Yes," he replied, "as hurriedly as I could, for I found I was wrong."

This independence made him quite fearless in choosing his line of conduct. It made him curt and domineering at moments of crisis, and in working with Europeans who were his superiors in command; but it also helped him to deal with the native chiefs with a simplicity and tact quite outside the reach of an ordinary starched official. To the man unfamiliar with tribal ways, Rhodes might appear to be frittering away a morning in idle, familiar talk with a chief, but the keener eye saw that these friendly chats were really business transactions carried out with a subtlety and ease that few Englishmen had the skill to compass. To Rhodes, as to Pope, the proper study of

mankind was man, and he was always keenly interested in any human being, whether black or white. This interest was very wide. It did not merely touch the men whom chance brought into contact with him, but it took in the generations still to come, so that he strove to gaze into the future and to link himself with those who should be born after his death. His vivid sense of life made him long passionately to be part and parcel of the future as well as of the present, and when by his last will he left money to found scholarships at Oxford for students from all parts of the world, he was not only expressing his belief in the value of a university training, but attempting to pour himself into new generations, and to preserve an unbroken union with the ages that should follow him.

As Prime Minister of the Cape Parliament, Rhodes had great power in his hands and for that reason he valued the appointment. "You do not care for money," said a friend, who knew his careless habits and his generosity. "For its own sake, no," answered Rhodes. "But it is a power, and I like power."

Rhodes was a popular Prime Minister, but his popularity did not blind him to the dangers in front. Five years passed by—years of uneasiness and strain. The Boers felt they had a grievance, and they began silently to gather themselves for a struggle. Meanwhile, Rhodes was on the alert.

Things were in this position when in December 1895 Dr Jameson made a sudden raid upon Johannesburg. He went, he said, to help the 'outlanders' who were being oppressed by the Boer Community. These outlanders, or strangers, had come into Johannesburg in the hope of making money in the diamond mines. At first quite a small number, they had now grown into many thousands, and they demanded the rights of citizens. These rights

the Boers were not willing to admit, and hence there was a great deal of ill feeling between the two sections in the town. Taking advantage of this hostility, Jameson attempted to pour his men into the city, on the ground that the outlanders had asked for help.

The Raid failed, and the Boers instead of being weakened were stronger than ever. Rhodes, who had known what Jameson was doing, was obliged to give up his office; worse than this, he saw his dream of a United South Africa under British control fade into improbability. Both in England and South Africa he was hotly discussed. By some men he was called a hero; others spoke of him as a knave and a rascal. Rhodes cared very little for what was said about him. The worst blow lay in the shattering of his plan for uniting South Africa and making it an imperial British possession.

For more than two years no great event happened to disturb the peace of South Africa, but discontent simmered underneath the surface and slowly came to the boiling-point. So slowly did this happen that even Rhodes was mistaken in the signs, and to those who whispered 'war' he replied decidedly: "Remember that Kruger, if the Home Government are firm, will in the end give way. All they need do is to continue preparations as openly as possible. Nothing will make Kruger fire a shot."

But for once Rhodes was mistaken. Kruger's plans were already made, and only a few months after Rhodes had written these words war broke out. At the first clear sign of danger Rhodes hastened to Kimberley, which directly afterward became besieged.

In the siege Rhodes worked like ten men. He exasperated the military defenders of the city with his readiness to issue commands, but at the same time he spared neither himself nor his money in the service of the

town. He built a fort, and maintained it at his own expense. He fed 10,000 people a day at his soup kitchens, and helped to put the women and children in underground hiding-places. Not only was he cheerful and always ready to help, but he seemed to have almost magical means of getting what was needed at the moment. "Do you want anything?" he said to one of the officers. "Yes," was the answer, "I want forty-three horses, sixty-two mules, seven waggons and four carts to make my guns mobile." Three days later they were all delivered at his camp.

Kimberley was relieved in February 1901 by General French, after a siege of 124 days. Rhodes stepped forth from the town, broken in health, but still as anxious as ever to realize his ideal. "My motto," he said, "is equal rights for every civilized man south of the Zambesi." Some one asked him what he meant by a 'civilized man,' and he replied: "A man, whether black or white, who has sufficient education to write his name, has some property, or works, in fact is not a loafer." That was Rhodes' chief detestation—loafing. He could forgive anything to the man who had his heart set on work, but the idler he utterly abhorred. To such a man the knowledge that his own physical strength was growing weaker was the greatest calamity that could befall him. But he met it with fearless glance, and braced himself with securing by his will that connexion with the future which he so passionately desired. Even his splendid vitality could not keep death at bay much longer, and he died in March 1902, little more than a year after the raising of the siege of Kimberley. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, he was buried on the top of a mountain, and in the wind-storms which sweep over that lofty spot one may, in summer, still see him standing in defiance, and exulting in his

EARL ROBERTS

*"A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloudy field ;*

*Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly iuists and fierce encounters fitt."*

EDMUND SPENSER

SOME twenty-five years before the Indian Mutiny, Frederick Sleigh Roberts was born at Cawnpore, in 1832. His father, Sir Abraham Roberts, was a General in the British army, and his mother was the daughter of Major Abraham Bunbury. With such parents the boy grew up from babyhood with the idea that a soldier's life was the best in the world.

While he was but an infant of two Roberts was taken to England, and for ten years he did not see his father again. His mother brought him up carefully and well. Roberts adored her. He was an affectionate, pleasant boy, never without a friend, and very fond of his home.

In time he was sent to Eton, and from there he went to Sandhurst, being still thoroughly determined to be a soldier. These hopes were realized in 1852, when, at the age of twenty, he set sail for India as a cadet.

Sixty years ago India seemed much farther off than it does now. The journey took longer, the number of English people living there was smaller, the towns were less healthy, cholera more common, and—desolating thought



Earl Roberts

Photo Russell & Sons, Southsea

Lord Roberts into fresh activity. Though old in years, he was young in heart, and he flung himself eagerly into affairs, ready to do anything that was demanded of him. He saw with pride his old colleague, Lord Kitchener, stepping into supreme control at home, and with great delight he heard that some of the Indian troops dear to him were coming from their country to help England in her danger. Always ready to consider others before himself, Lord Roberts, at a time of bitter weather, crossed to France to inspect the Indian troops who were splendidly proving their loyalty to England. It was the most graceful compliment and expression of friendship that the hero of Kandahar could have shown, and though it was paid at the cost of a chill which ended in death, Roberts did not hold it too heavy a price. To die within sight of the field of battle, secure in the thought that India and England were now joined together in a common cause, this was no tragedy, but a splendid happiness. Sudden emergencies had never found Lord Roberts unprepared, and the quick coming of Death could not affright his noble spirit. A hero surrounded by a company of heroes, on the 14th of November 1914 he made his last glad farewells.

A few days later, on a grey, mist-sodden morning, a long, solemn procession passed through the rain-washed streets of London. It was the funeral of 'Our Bobs,' going on its way to St Paul's, between dense lines of grieving people, who, while they watched sorrowfully, told one another that just so would he have chosen to die.

—except on sick leave there could be no return for ten years. Thus, when the actual moment of parting came, Roberts felt suddenly rather young and very forlorn. Behind him lay familiar England; before him a vast and unknown country, bristling with peril and inhabited by an alien race. There were other young men on the ship, also going out for the first time. They were as despondent as Roberts, and for a few days gloom held the little company. But the novelty of the voyage, and the excitement awakened at the sight of each new port soon drove away regret, and Roberts was among the first to recover his spirits. He was cheered, too, by the thought that in India he would find several of his relations, including his father.

Although Roberts looked forward to seeing his father, he felt he would be almost a stranger to him. Since a baby he had only seen him once, on the occasion of the General's furlough home, now nearly eight years ago. At that time the boy had been twelve years of age, too much engrossed in his school world to think much about his home. He was now a young soldier of twenty, and he felt shy about the encounter with his almost unknown parent. The two did not meet, however, for some months. Sir Abraham Roberts was in command of the troops on the North-West frontier, and for the first four months after his arrival in India the son was at Dum-Dum, in the garrison of a native field battery. Lonely, and rather miserable, the young soldier was beginning to think Indian life a cheerless business, when he was heartened by a message ordering him to go north to join his father's troops at Peshawar.

Three months of very uncomfortable travelling brought him to his destination, and father and son met. Roberts' shyness melted away in the General's pleasure at welcoming

his son, and the two were soon fast friends. Roberts had always been of an affectionate nature. His mother he already adored, and now he set his father beside her in his love.

This natural warmth of disposition throughout his life influenced his general outlook on affairs, and though he was always strongly on the side of discipline, he was firmly opposed to every kind of cruelty. In 1852 flogging in the army was still a fairly common practice. Roberts boldly expressed himself against it. "I was obliged," he says, "to be present at a flogging parade, the only one, I am glad to say, I have ever had to attend, although the barbarous and degrading custom of flogging in the army was not done away with until nearly thirty years later. . . . One felt it was productive of harm rather than good, for it tended to destroy the men's self-respect, and to make them completely reckless."

There were many risks to health in India at this date, and while he was at Peshawar, Roberts several times had an attack of fever. He accepted illness with his usual bravery, and at the first possible minute returned to his work. To be doing nothing was unbearable to a man of his active spirit. He much preferred overwork to idleness, and in these zestful early years he laid the foundation of the unflagging determination which afterward enabled him to be in the saddle for as much as sixty hours at a stretch, broken only by one short nap. He was ambitious as well as hard-working, and he left undone nothing that was likely to help him in his career. With this end in view he learnt Hindustani, and so gradually he came into promotion.

In 1854 the Crimcan War broke out. The struggle between England and Russia was watched not only by Europe but by India. Though many of the native princes

were loyal there were a few who longed to throw off the English yoke. Very carefully these dissatisfied spirits began to make their plans, and scarcely a year after the Crimean War was ended by the Peace of Paris in 1856, and England was settling down to enjoy the benefits of peace, came the startling news that there was mutiny in India. England was totally unprepared for the announcement. During the war with Russia she had kept a watchful eye on the frontier, fearing trouble, but she had not expected an outbreak in the heart of the country.

So far Roberts had done no active fighting, but he was more than prepared for any emergency. Five years of steady work in India had turned him into a resourceful and clever soldier, and he was ready to be tested. He was staff officer to General Reed and his first duty now took him on a tour of inspection of the neighbouring towns, to Jhelum, to Rawal Pindi, to Warinzabad, and to Lahore. At Lahore there were hundreds of English women and children who had fled to the town for safety. Their lives might easily have been sacrificed but for the prompt decision of Montgomery, who, in the absence of John Lawrence, ordered a parade at which the native troops were forced to lay down their arms. Roberts did not stay long at Lahore. He pressed on with the troops to other stations, carrying dispatches which ordered the native troops to disarm. His messages were not always welcomed. One English colonel who trusted his men completely was so upset at the command that he cried: "What! disarm my regiment? I will answer with my life for the loyalty of every man."

The next order for Roberts was to move toward Delhi, which was being besieged by the enemy. This meant active service at last, and he eagerly hurried forward with the Bengal Artillery forces. As the troops drew

near to the city they saw heaps of dead bodies by the way. This grim sight pricked their courage afresh, and every man thirsted to be at the foe. Roberts played his part with enthusiasm. He was wounded, but not very seriously, and his first thought was how soon he could be back in the lines. In the English camp news was scanty and uncertain. It was thought that Sir Hugh Wheeler was on the way with help, but Wheeler was already dead. Hard upon these tidings came word of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, but this saddening statement was lightened by the arrival of Nicholson with a flying column. Nicholson believed that the only way to take Delhi was by a sudden movement, and in September a great assault was made. Roberts, who had now recovered from his wound, was in the thick of the fight, and with a comrade he sapped his way right up to one of the gates of the town, where the two succeeded in discovering a weak spot in the fortifications. From this information troops were secretly led into the vantage ground, the gate was rushed, and on the 21st September the English flag was again hoisted over Delhi. There was only one cloud on the victory. Brave John Nicholson had been wounded and he was now dying, but dying as Wolfe and Nelson had died, happy in the thought of victory.

In England the good tidings of the relief of Delhi brought thankfulness and joy. To the sepoy it was black news, but they were not yet prepared to admit defeat. In these circumstances there could be no rest for the English troops, and scarcely had they entered Delhi when a column left again for Cawnpore. In this detachment rode Roberts, elated with the victory in which he had just taken part, and grimly determined to follow it up with more triumphs.

The march to Cawnpore was full of danger. Hordes

of rebels lay hid along the countryside ready to strike an unexpected blow, and in the towns the Europeans among the population were so terrified and excited that they were in no fit state to defend themselves. It was thus a full month before the troops were able to get to Cawnpore, where they heard the story of Nana's treachery and saw the marks of his terrible cruelty.

Not much could be done at Cawnpore, and with very little delay the troops pressed on to join Sir Colin Campbell's men round Lucknow. At Lucknow, Roberts was again in the thick of a terrible fight. Again and again the English lines charged the defences, till a breach was made in the wall. With a yell of delight the men rushed forward, each nobly anxious to meet the certain death awaiting the first-comers. On they rushed, till the wall was stormed, and over the dead bodies of their comrades the remaining troops passed into the city, and the first line of Lucknow was taken from the enemy. Roberts had played his part like a man, and he had miraculously escaped without injury. Thrilling with the sense of fine victory, his eye, nevertheless, was not blind to the sacrifices of the men who had fallen in battle. Inexorably they had fought their way, and the ghastly heaps of the dead and the dying told how awful the struggle had been: "It was," says Roberts, "a sickening sight, one of those which even in the excitement of battle and the flush of victory, make one feel strongly what a horrible side there is to war. The wretched wounded men could not get clear of their dead comrades, however great their struggles, and those near the top of this ghastly pile of writhing humanity vented their rage and disappointment on every British officer who approached by showering upon him abuse of the grossest description." Roberts himself was utterly worn out. Except for one short sleep

he had been on his horse for sixty hours. The firmness with which he had trained himself to suffer hardship was now doing him good service, and making him able to endure exertions that would have overcome men of a far stronger frame. Small in height, and slight in build, he was lean and wiry, and already he bore the look of a soldier made strong by endurance.

With the Relief of Lucknow the worst of the struggle in India was over; but there were still some thousands of sepoys to be put to rout before the rebellion could be considered thoroughly quelled. Numerous sharp skirmishes followed, in several of which Roberts took an active part. Oudh was the centre of the final stand against the English, and it was not till 1859 that the last spark of rebellion was stamped underfoot. Roberts, meanwhile, had left for England soon after the Relief of Lucknow. The great strain of the past months had brought him to the verge of illness, and he was ordered home on sick leave. He went very reluctantly. There was still work to be done, and he hated to leave anything unfinished. His consolation lay in the thought that he had been through the worst of the struggle. Six years had passed since the gloomy day when he had set sail from England, feeling he was saying 'good-bye' for ever. Now he found himself reluctant to return and leave a country which had taught him soldiering and proved him a worthy son of his father.

Roberts arrived home to find that, in a small way, he was something of a hero. No event had ever stirred public imagination so deeply as the Mutiny had done, and the nation was full of gratitude for the men who had helped to turn aside the peril. Roberts had been awarded a medal for his bravery at Delhi and at Lucknow, and there was no happier young soldier in the land than he. During his

short leave of absence he met and married Nora Bews, the daughter of a captain in the army. Soon after the wedding was over the bridegroom had orders to return, and in the spring of 1859 he left for India. This was a very different voyage from the one he had made in 1852. Experience and success now went with him. India no longer seemed a forlorn desert but a familiar and beloved country.

On his arrival in India Roberts found changes were taking place. Among other things, the Mutiny put an end to the old controlling powers of the East India Company. In the early days of their ascendancy the Company had ruled the country well, but now that trade had increased so greatly, and the English hold on the country was so much stronger, it was clear that the task of ruling was growing beyond the powers of the East India Company. The English Government therefore took the place of the East India Company, and the Queen became represented by an official known as the Viceroy. The first man to hold this office was Lord Canning, youngest son of the great George Canning, and Roberts was now made busy with elaborate plans to receive the new chief. Many of the natives were still sore from their defeat, and they watched the preparations sullenly, though the splendour of the reception pleased their love for the poetry of parade, and the sight of their own princes swearing allegiance at the Durbar, woke in the native popular mind an unconscious response of loyalty to a power whose rule, even in Oriental eyes, had always been based upon uprightness and justice.

For the next thirty-five years Roberts remained in India, helping in the vast work of reforming and consolidating the country. Ill health occasionally forced him to take a rest in England, but the greater part of his

time was spent in active service. In 1864 he helped to put down the Umbeyla rising, and in 1866 he marched into Abyssinia to relieve the Europeans imprisoned by King Theodore.

These campaigns were followed in 1878 by an expedition into Afghanistan on behalf of the people in the Kuram Valley. This was a dangerous undertaking and full of hardships. But the greatest difficulties could not make Roberts lose heart, and after some severe fighting he was able to assure the dwellers in Kuram that they were under the protection of the British Government and free for ever from the tyranny of the Ameer. So far things had gone well, yet Roberts felt uneasy. Yakub Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, was servile and full of professions of friendship for 'the illustrious' British Government. Roberts had lived too long among Orientals not to know that servility was often only a cover to disaffection; but he could not put his finger on anything directly suggestive of disloyalty, and public opinion in England was strongly in favour of bringing the war to an end. Peace was therefore concluded with the Ameer, and for his services Roberts was rewarded by being created a Knight-Commander of the Bath.

An interval of peace followed. Roberts returned to India. All seemed well. Then suddenly came news which terribly justified his early forebodings. Major Cavagnari, who had gone to Kabul as a British Envoy, was murdered with his men in a general massacre, said to have been planned by Yakub Khan. This news brought Roberts post-haste on the track of the Ameer, who still professed himself as aghast as the English at the murder, and repeatedly declared that every enemy of England was his enemy too; her defeats, his desolation; her triumphs, his rejoicing. With one hand thus grasping

the hand of England, the Ameer began to stir up rebellion with the other. Then when he saw that victory was going to the side of the English, of his own will he left the throne, and claimed the protection of Britain, declaring he would "rather be a grass-cutter in the English army than ruler of Afghanistan."

Everything was done to accommodate the subdued ex-Ameer, and with the sanction of the English, Abdul Rahman was set in his place. Once again all seemed peace, and this time even Roberts believed the settlement stood upon a firm foundation. These hopes, however, were presently swept away by the startling news that the meek ex-Ameer, who had talked of being a grass-cutter in the British army, was now in open rebellion, and that the English troops under Brigadier-General Burrows had been defeated, and that Lieutenant-General Primrose was besieged in Kandahar.

Roberts had imagined that his next move would be toward home, but upon these tidings his plans were at once changed, and without a moment's delay he set out for Kandahar. It was a blinding, difficult march, through heavy sandstorms, with little food or water, small protection from the blazing heat by day or the freezing cold by night, and hardly any intervals for rest. Communications with the outside world were impossible, and all England waited in suspense for the silence to be broken by news of the brave little expedition which had gone into isolation and peril. For weeks no news came, and nearly a month passed before Roberts saw the end of his journey in sight. Kandahar! Faint from fever and the struggle of the journey, he rode forward with a beating heart. Many of his men who had set out with him were no longer at his side. Some had been killed in encounters with the enemy by the way; some had died from the

hardships of the march. Those who were left were worn with what they had endured, thin from lack of food, dirty and ragged from exposure. But their hearts were trim and taut, and every man held in reverence the brave soldier who had led them to their goal. As they marched into the town a rousing welcome came from the small British garrison in command, and presently fears in England were set at rest by news of the safe arrival of Roberts and his men. 'Roberts of Kandahar' he became in history, 'Our Bobs' to the soldiers who knew and adored him and to the nation who recognized in him not only a popular hero, but a general who had a real affection for his men. This personal note is not always found among generals. The great Duke of Wellington took little interest in his soldiers except on campaign. He valued his men for their services, but he cared very little about them individually. On the other hand, Lord Nelson was the friend of every sailor on board his ship, and this happy knack of making himself beloved as well as respected now became recognized as one of Roberts' finest traits.

Kandahar established Roberts for ever as a great national figure. Rewards and festivities awaited him in England. Queen Victoria sent him a personal letter of thanks. He was honoured on all sides. Every one was anxious to see him, and wherever he went curious and admiring eyes followed the small, trim, straight, lean figure of the hero of Kandahar. Such appreciation was pleasant to one long worn with hardship and battle, but the greatest satisfaction of all lay in his own heart, with its honest record of unbroken effort along the path of duty.

In spite of his fifty-three years, Roberts had not yet done with foreign service, and in 1885 he went back to India as Commander-in-Chief. India seemed happy and peaceful and prosperous, and the troops there were

enjoying ease. But Roberts had been active too long to be contented in idleness, and he now bent his energies toward improving the conditions of garrison life, by setting up coffee-bars and reading-rooms for the men.

At the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee he was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Indian Empire, and in 1892 he was made a peer. The next year he gave up his command in India, after forty-one years of service, intending to spend the rest of his life quietly in England.

The outbreak of the Boer War in 1899, however, brought him once more into the field. The war was going ill for the English. It had been thought contemptuously that a few British troops would soon put the Boer farmers to rout, but the farmers soon showed themselves men of mettle and strategy, and when news of unlooked-for British defeats came into England, 'Our Bobs,' whose only son had been killed at Colenso in an effort to save the guns, was appointed Commander-in-Chief in South Africa. His experience and his ability in planning a campaign did brilliant service for England, and after he had taken over affairs it was not long before he had completely changed the situation. Many of his admirers had heard of his appointment with regret. They knew what he had done at Kandahar, and they feared he might now destroy the reputation he had won. Happily, they were mistaken. Lord Roberts had not forgotten the art of warfare, and the raising of the siege at Kimberley, and the capture of Cronje at Paardeburg were soon proofs he had lost none of his old ability. The capture of Cronje was followed by the occupation of Bloemfontein. The next step was toward Pretoria, and in order to strike this blow securely Roberts halted for six weeks in Bloemfontein. This was done to rest the troops and to wait for a favorable moment of attack. Onlookers at home grumbled

at the delay, and Roberts was much criticized for his long halt. But he was too old a soldier to pay heed to criticism, and he was resolved not to march till he had found the right moment. At the end of May 1900 he took Johannesburg, and from here he pushed into Pretoria. With the capture of the capital of the Transvaal the first part of the war ended. The second part was taken up in vigorous skirmishes with the enemy, and in repeated efforts to catch the clever and resourceful Boer General, De Wet, who time after time slipped through the fingers of his pursuers. The flight of Kruger, and the surrender of Botha, one of the chief Boer generals, brought the end of the struggle in sight, but it was 1902 before peace finally came to close a war which had cost the English nearly forty thousand killed and wounded.

Roberts returned to England in 1901, leaving Kitchener to carry out the last phases of the war. He came back to find himself more popular than ever. Hawkers in the streets sold buttons with his portrait printed on them; not a newspaper was without its reference to him; few homes were without his portrait.

Such showers of appreciation were very grateful to a man affectionate and generous by disposition, who could look his fellow-countrymen honestly in the face and say that it had always been his greatest aim to serve the country which was theirs and his.

Upon his return from the Boer War, Lord Roberts, still full of energy, made it his aim to improve the conditions of barrack life, and to encourage means for the defence of England. With this latter purpose in view he declared himself strongly in favour of some form of national service, to be undertaken by every male citizen.

The outbreak of the Great War between Germany and her Allies, and Great Britain and her Allies, in 1914, roused

Lord Roberts into fresh activity. Though old in years, he was young in heart, and he flung himself eagerly into affairs, ready to do anything that was demanded of him. He saw with pride his old colleague, Lord Kitchener, stepping into supreme control at home, and with great delight he heard that some of the Indian troops dear to him were coming from their country to help England in her danger. Always ready to consider others before himself, Lord Roberts, at a time of bitter weather, crossed to France to inspect the Indian troops who were splendidly proving their loyalty to England. It was the most graceful compliment and expression of friendship that the hero of Kandahar could have shown, and though it was paid at the cost of a chill which ended in death, Roberts did not hold it too heavy a price. To die within sight of the field of battle, secure in the thought that India and England were now joined together in a common cause, this was no tragedy, but a splendid happiness. Sudden emergencies had never found Lord Roberts unprepared, and the quick coming of Death could not affright his noble spirit. A hero surrounded by a company of heroes, on the 14th of November 1914 he made his last glad farewells.

A few days later, on a grey, mist-sodden morning, a long, solemn procession passed through the rain-washed streets of London. It was the funeral of 'Our Bobs,' going on its way to St Paul's, between dense lines of grieving people, who, while they watched sorrowfully, told one another that just so would he have chosen to die.

Phase IV—Invention, Discovery, and Science

GEORGE STEPHENSON

"Came by the railroad to Birmingham. The speed is sublime, but the amusement and interest of travelling are gone. We shoot like an arrow through almost a dead solitude. We see, now and then, cattle and sheep, but human beings are rare as jewels; no carts, no carriages, no foot-passengers, no towns, no villages. I believe it to be much safer than the road, and incomparably more dull."

EXTRACT FROM LORD SHAFTESBURY'S DIARY, 1839

THE eighteenth century was nearly twenty years distant when George Stephenson was born in Wylam in 1781 in a cottage blackened with colliery dirt, some eight miles out of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His father was a pit worker, lost for six days out of seven in the depths of the earth to earn a weekly wage of twelve shillings. With this income luxuries were out of the question, and little George Stephenson grew up counting himself happy if he got butter to the bread which he clutched in his determined little fists, grimy like everything else from the coal dust which hung in the air and blighted everything near it. But in Stephenson's eyes the coal pits did not seem dirty; they were mysterious caverns down which might be found all sorts of miraculous things; best of all they harboured machinery—wheels that turned, chains that clanked, and buckets that went up and down in an enthralling fashion. The mine thus became



George Stephenson
H. W. Pickersill
Bates, W. & Marshall & Co.

the company were courageous enough to hold on to the end; none had the wonderful staying power that carried Livingstone triumphantly through a thousand misfortunes. Fever, hunger, drought, attacks from wild beasts, and treachery from friends, against all these the traveller had to be prepared. No leisure, scarcely even a moment's ease, had to be his accepted portion. Every bush might hide a wild beast; every swamp a fever; every hospitable board a foe. Livingstone had been too long in the country for his intentions to be unknown. His crusade against the slave trade had made him much hated both by the European dealers who received the slaves and by the Arabs who supplied them, and now at every step he took he felt a hand against him. It was thus 1871 before he got to the town of Nyangwe on the Lualaba river. Here he saw the slave evil at its height, *when woman and children were shot down in the markets*, in a sudden, general massacre. Livingstone was helpless to prevent the bloodshed. He watched the slaughter with sickening heart; while a bewildered imagination told him he must have arrived in hell.

Having reached Nyangwe in safety, Livingstone's intention was to cross the river. But not a canoe could he find. No one would take him over the stream, and, baffled and out of health, he was forced to go back to Ujiji, feeling himself an outcast.

He entered the town thoroughly disheartened. For years he had been cut off from England; he had spoken no English, and received no English letters; he was as ignorant of what had been happening in Europe as Robinson Crusoe on his desert island. The long isolation had made him grave and silent, but his courage was still unwithered. Nothing could daunt the man who had faced death a hundred times without flinching. He

to him a land of enchantment where even the coal dust was fairy gold, and he dreamt often of the day when he would be big enough to go down into those dazzling depths.

No school education came his way, and while he was still a very little boy he was set to earn money by keeping guard over the cows straying upon the colliery's edge. A splendid twopence a week rewarded him for this pleasant task, during hours of which he amused himself by making little models of water-mills and trying them in the stream.

His father had taught him to know every bird and animal in the fields, for 'owd Bob' loved all wild things, and he could track a nest as cleverly as he could spin a fairy tale, or swing a pick in the mine. His son longed for nothing better than to be like his father, and he was full of satisfied pride when at fourteen he was made an assistant fireman.

The pit which had fascinated him as a little boy did not lose its charm as he grew older. At eighteen he had become a full fireman at a wage of twelve shillings a week, —a sum which seemed to him well on the way to riches.

But he could neither write nor read, and being determined to get on in the world he now made it his business to learn these mysteries. On the hard bench of a night school he wrestled so doggedly with spelling and reading that soon he could proudly write a letter, in large handwriting, slowly penned, and looking stiff and important when finished.

With the difficulties of writing and reading now behind him, Stephenson set out to conquer fate. Exactly how he was going to do it he did not know, but he felt sure the way lay through the fascinating coal mine. Thus, little by little his mind became fixed on the engine now in his care and he began unconsciously to prepare himself for his great future work.

He knew little of the world beyond the district of Newcastle, for though his home had been moved two or three times the removals were never for more than a few miles, and always in the neighbourhood of the coal pit. He had thus only a vague idea of what his own country was like. This did not trouble him. He had no thirst for travel; and thousands were stay-at-homes like himself. Travelling was a slow and tedious business, only possible to the rich. There were no trains; coaches were dear; lodgings not easy to find. None but the well-to-do could hope to go from place to place. The rest had to be content with the neighbourhood in which birth had chanced to plant them.

Up till now the difficulty of getting about had not greatly disturbed the lives of the people. They had been satisfied with a placid, uneventful existence, in which a daily newspaper was an unknown thing, the speed of a coach a marvel, and a letter a luxury, partly because the postal charges were high but also because many could not write. Into this peaceful, sleepy round of life came a thunderbolt in the shape of machinery. When factories began to be common and trade raced ahead, then it became very plain that somehow or other goods must be taken from one part of the country to another by some quicker means than horse-drawn waggons. This was particularly the case with coal. The growth of the factories and the appearance of new towns made a great increase in the sale of coal, both for home use and for abroad. But coal is heavy, and enterprising coal-owners began to look round for some new method of carrying the coal from the pits to the ships. Horses had so far pulled the waggons; this was slow and expensive, and the price of coal was therefore very high.

The idea of a locomotive engine that would be useful for

carrying heavy goods was not new. James Watt had planned one, and in 1813 a better travelling engine, the 'Puffing Billy,' had been tried at the Wylam Colliery. But Puffing Billy was very noisy. Showers of red-hot cinders flew from his throat; a great rumbling of wheels, and a screech so hideous that the cattle in the fields fled in terror, announced his approach. After all this commotion the monster himself appeared, creeping along very slowly, and so uncertain of being able to hold out to the end that a team of horses had to follow behind, to be ready for the breakdown which nearly always took place.

People who lived in houses near the colliery line got up petitions to have the locomotive stopped, and indignant farmers went into the law courts to protest against the injury done to their cattle and their crops. No one ever dreamt that some day engines would carry human beings from place to place; and at first it seemed scarcely likely that they would even be largely used for taking goods.

Stephenson meanwhile had married. He had a cottage of his own, and for two or three years he was entirely happy. After his day's work was over he would put on his leather apron and amuse himself by making models of wheels, and rough drawings of engines. He had an idea for a locomotive, and very slowly he was completing the notion. The early death of his wife plunged him into grief, out of which he struggled to experiment harder than ever. He was a careful and cautious worker. His mind did not rush to brilliant conclusions, but once he had got an idea he stuck to it and tested it to find its real value. He loved machinery. The whirring of wheels and the clank of chains were as musical in his ears as they had been when he was a little boy, and in the pit in which he worked he had long been recognized as an unusually clever

young engineer because he had successfully adjusted a pumping engine which experts declared would never work. This feat brought him into the notice of his employer and gave him a wage of two pounds a week, but it did not mark the height of his ambition. A locomotive, which he christened 'My Lord,' was springing into life under his fingers and in 1814 this darling of his heart made a trial run down the nine-mile railway which led from the pit to the docks.

With beating heart Stephenson stepped off the engine. The journey had been slow; the engine had screamed and jerked and snorted; cinders had flown from her funnel; but these were small things, trifles that would be remedied in time. The great fact was that the trip had been successfully carried through: Stephenson's engine was established.

The thrill of his success was still upon him when Stephenson invented a safety lamp for miners in 1815. A fortnight later Sir Humphry Davy also brought out a safety lamp. Davy was a rich and famous man: Stephenson poor and unknown. The Davy lamp became hailed as the first of its kind, and the humbler 'Geordy' lamp for a time went unnoticed, till a public movement was set on foot to give Stephenson his due, and the handsome sum of £1000 was given him as a reward for his splendid work. The glory of inventing the safety lamp for miners must thus be shared by Sir Humphry Davy and Stephenson. Both lamps are still in use, and both have saved hundreds of men from death by explosion in the coal pits.

From the safety lamp Stephenson turned again to the making of engines. As he sat in his cottage, working away at his models, dreams crept into his mind. He saw men and women travelling in trains; workmen going cheaply and easily from their work to their homes; large

cities linked to one another with railways ; trade better ; food, clothing, and coals cheaper. But above these dreams lowered a dark cloud ; the public was against locomotives. Some people were indifferent ; others were furiously opposed ; except for a few business men hardly any were in favour of the new idea, and the few who ventured to declare their belief were laughed at for their folly, or reproached for encouraging an invention that every one declared would be a danger to life and bring ruin to the country.

Stephenson, however, held to his way. A pit near Sunderland had a short line where an engine ran at four miles an hour. This speed was looked upon as little less than a marvel, and the more far-seeing began to consider whether there might not be something in the idea after all. Under Stephenson's direction the Stockton and Darlington Railway was laid, and in 1825 a quaint handbill announced the formal opening of the line and the grand departure to Stockton of—

1. The Company's locomotive engine.
2. The engine's tender with water and coal.
3. Six waggons laden with coals, merchandise, etc.
4. The Committee and other Proprietors in the coach belonging to the Company.
5. Six waggons with seats reserved for strangers.
6. Fourteen waggons for the conveyance of workmen and others.

This bill brought to the line hundreds of spectators, who, open-mouthed, watched the train passing slowly on its way. Men on horseback rode before the engine, waving flags to warn people of the danger to be expected from this new and awe-inspiring novelty. In three hours the whole distance of twelve miles had been covered, and

the beginning of railway travelling was thus fairly established. All over the country there was little talk of anything except the wonders of the Darlington train. A good many people were still very gloomy about what might happen in the future, but others began to change their minds, and the boldest talked of going themselves for a trip.

Delighted with the success of the new locomotive, Stephenson pressed on to still greater things. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was planned, and Stephenson undertook to manage its construction. Abuse of all sorts fell upon him daily. Every kind of obstacle was put in his path. But the boy who had learnt to read at eighteen had become a man who did not readily yield to difficulties. Once he had been proud to earn twopence a week, now he had a salary of £1000 a year, but he was the same Stephenson, as dogged, as untiring, and as fearless as ever. In four years he had finished his task, and the railway was opened in 1830. It became at once a success, and for a time the public went railway mad. They now demanded railways as fiercely as they had before opposed them. Stephenson became famous. Every one wanted to know the man who had built an engine able to run twenty miles an hour. Once ten miles an hour had been considered a marvel, and it had been gravely proved in the Law Courts that twelve miles would be an impossibility.

And so Stephenson came into his own at last. His dreams had come true; railways were established. In 1840 he withdrew to his home, Tupton Hall, near Chesterfield, and here he lived very quietly for the remaining eight years of his life, growing flowers and fruit with very nearly as much zest as he had fashioned boilers and wheels. In this quiet retreat he was able to look forth and mark the tremendous changes his invention brought upon the

country. Trade flourished ; the carriage of goods became cheaper ; journeys were frequent ; travelling a pleasure ; best of all, a spirit of friendliness sprang up between the various parts of the country, now for the first time in actual connexion with one another. And not only were cities joined to cities, but nation got to know nation in a way that had been impossible before. George Stephenson, dying in 1848 at the age of sixty-seven, might well look back upon what he had done, and reflect with satisfaction that the work of his hand would live for ever after him, and that more than any other man of his day he had helped to bring the nations together, and to change for the better the everyday life of the world.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

"Let her life be torn and streaming like the flag of battle, it must be forward to the end."—GEORGE MEREDITH

IN 1823 David Livingstone, then a little boy of ten, went to work in a cotton-mill near Glasgow. It seemed to him no hardship that he should work so early. His home was poor and he had quickly learnt that life is a struggle. But he was ambitious and determined, and he made up his mind that in spite of the mill he would be a scholar. From six in the morning till eight at night he was kept busy at work, but after this there was still a little precious time for reading, and to a youth so determined neither fatigue nor the wearying flicker of a candle could hinder him in his purpose. He had splendid health, and in spite of plain living and hard work he grew up into a strong, powerful young man. From his Highland ancestors he inherited a resolute and courageous spirit, and he never gave way to any obstacle lying in the path of duty. Thus, without knowing it, he fitted himself for the hard, strenuous life that was afterward to be his in Africa.

From childhood Livingstone had been brought up to fear God, and when he was about twenty he decided he would be a missionary. It was a bold resolution for a youth in his position, with no money, no rich friends, no knowledge of foreign lands, no one of any kind to help him. But the missionary and the explorer were already stirring in him, and once having come to a decision he set about carrying it out as quietly and as

resolutely as he had carried through his studies in his little bedroom at home.

Before going abroad some kind of training was necessary, and Livingstone therefore decided to study medicine. This knowledge would be highly useful to him in a foreign land, and accordingly in 1836 he entered Glasgow University. To get there at all he had been obliged to save up his earnings for a long time, and as soon as the term was over he was back again at the mill making money for the next session. Very few shillings had to go a very long way, but by living in the plainest possible manner he was able to manage so successfully that by 1840 he had passed his examinations and been ordained as a missionary by the London Missionary Society.

His next step was to go abroad. Livingstone had always had a hankering for China, but this plan was not found practicable, and in 1840, full of enthusiasm and burning for work, he sailed to South Africa. Leaving home was not without its sorrow. He was devotedly fond of his parents and he said good-bye with a pang; those who knew him but slightly were apt to think him careless and almost hard-hearted, but the few who knew him better understood that the awkwardness of his manner was only a sign of the love that lay underneath. Always ready to do a kindness for others, he was full of gratitude for the smallest service to himself; and even when by ill chance he stumbled upon malice or ill feeling he always met it with such generosity that spite was confounded and often turned into friendship.

On landing in South Africa Livingstone went to Kuruman. He did not stay there long. Kuruman was then the most northerly station of the mission, but the Society was anxious to make a new one above it, and Livingstone was bidden to look for a spot that would be

as healthy as possible and likely to be favourable for missionary work. This was an undertaking exactly suited to his powers, and he set off in the highest spirits. All was new and exhilarating; everything looked the colour of rose. But before long Livingstone found things that dismayed him. He caught glimpses of gangs of slaves; he heard tales of great cruelty and superstition; among the loveliest surroundings fever lurked; and the deadly tsetse-fly everywhere carried the dreaded sleeping-sickness in its sting. Beside all these dangers there was the dread of wild beasts, making exploration a fearsome thing, only to be undertaken by men willing to face mauling or sudden death. For all these reasons, those who ventured along untried paths ran into danger of a hundred kinds. There was no danger, however, great enough to daunt the heart of Livingstone, though his knowledge of medicine and his natural penetration made him aware of many risks hidden from the ignorant, careless native.

After a good deal of exploration Livingstone decided upon making a new station at Mabotsa, and here he lived till 1846. Work of all sorts filled up his hours, but he never forgot that he was first of all a missionary, and little by little he gathered round him a company of natives anxious to worship the Englishman's God. This little band united with their belief in God a strong confidence in the man who had told them about him. The white man was good; they felt it instinctively; and thus his house became the refuge for the outcast, the miserable, or the downhearted. In the midst of the little flock Livingstone worked daily, "building, gardening, cobbling," he said, "doctoring, tinkering, carpentering, gun-mending, farriering, waggon-mending, preaching, schooling, lecturing on physics according to my means, besides a chair in divinity to a class of three, fill up my time."

All these distractions, however, could not crowd out from Livingstone's active mind his keen desire to know more about the country where so few Europeans had ever been. Here and there were known towns, but in between these halting-places were huge tracts of swamps and forest and jungle where no white man had ever trod. There were vague rumours of lakes and rivers, splendid waterways never used, but so far as the English were concerned they remained rumours. When Livingstone went to Africa, it was said that the country "was a blank from Kuruman to Timbuctoo." Though a few guesses had been made, there was nothing really known of the interior. To explore the continent meant a gigantic undertaking, but it was partly because it would be so gigantic that the idea of the expedition fascinated Livingstone. Nevertheless for a time he did not begin to explore on a large scale, and though by the end of 1849, through the devotion of the natives he had found Lake Ngami, he was still in the eyes of traders (suspicious of any one likely to hurt their interests) only a rather inquisitive, over-busy missionary.

From Ngami, Livingstone went steadily north till he reached the town Sesheke, and here he found the Zambesi. But his journey thither had been saddened by the traces of slave traffic, and he began to make deliberate war upon the trade. As a born explorer he rejoiced in the fruits of his journey, but his missionary soul was saddened at the cruelty of man toward man.

For some years now Livingstone had been married. The children were getting bigger; it was necessary they should be sent to England, and in 1852 he went to Cape Town to put them on board ship for home. He loved them dearly, and after they had gone he felt suddenly lonely and restless. But his endless courage rose again; he set his teeth and turned his face once more to the interior.

For the time being the missionary was lost in the explorer and he set off on a journey little less adventurous than that of Mungo Park. His health was not very good, and fever threatened him many times, but pluck and determination carried him through his expedition along the banks of the Zambesi to the town of Loadna on the west coast. Here he met a company of Portuguese traders, inclined to be friendly at first, but soon to become suspicious of this outspoken Englishman who was threatening a traffic which the traders secretly upheld. So long as Livingstone did not interfere with the slave market they were ready enough to be friends, but brows grew black and eyes darkened as Livingstone's purpose became more plain.

In 1856 Livingstone visited England. A great welcome awaited him. On his last expedition across South Africa he had discovered the beautiful and now renowned Victoria Falls, and the news of his exploits had made him famous at home. Queen Victoria gave him a private audience; Lord Palmerston showed himself kind and full of interest. These favours did not spoil Livingstone's simplicity. He enjoyed them, but his heart was in Africa, and in 1858 he very willingly returned. Meanwhile he had published his book, *Missionary Travels*, which had been a great success. But writing was too slow a business for a man of his energetic disposition, and he declared he would rather cross Africa than go through the pains of writing another book.

Very cheerfully Livingstone set out from England in 1858. His wife and his youngest boy went with him, and he bore a paper appointing him the Queen's Consul in Africa. The office was unpaid, but the Governor had provided a ship with which Livingstone was to investigate the Zambesi. Nothing could be more delightful to Livingstone than an expedition of this sort, and he embarked

on it joyfully. Nevertheless he did not forget he was first of all a missionary, going to open up for future workers districts still practically unknown.

In earlier journeys along the Zambesi he had turned westward; he now went in the opposite direction, and in 1864 reached Zanzibar, on the eastern coast. He had gone through hairbreadth escapes; he had walked many miles through swampy ground; he had struggled with every kind of hardship and privation; he had often been ill and footsore and disheartened, but he had never given in. All along his journey he had caught glimpses of the black cloud of slavery. The evil was there, though it could not always be seen. Sometimes, however, it appeared in the open, and gangs of slaves, hopeless and dejected, chained to each other in a march to a slave centre, made Livingstone's blood boil with rage and his heart sicken with despair. The death of his brave wife added to his desolation, and in 1865 he returned to England, his high spirits saddened, but his courage unshaken. A second book, entitled *An Expedition to the Zambesi*, described his latest journeyings and sounded a blast against the slave traffic.

Lord Palmerston again showed him great friendliness and the greatest in the land did him honour. But though Livingstone enjoyed kindness as much as any man, he was soon wearying to be off again, and after a brief stay he once more set sail. This time he went resolved to investigate the sources of the Nile, for which the Royal Geographical Society and the British Government both promised him support.

The journey before him was long and full of danger. His plan was to advance to the south end of Lake Tanganyika and from there to push still farther north to Luanda. He set off with quite a retinue, but few out of

the company were courageous enough to hold on to the end; none had the wonderful staying power that carried Livingstone triumphantly through a thousand misfortunes. Fever, hunger, drought, attacks from wild beasts, and treachery from friends, against all these the traveller had to be prepared. No leisure, scarcely even a moment's ease, had to be his accepted portion. Every bush might hide a wild beast; every swamp a fever; every hospitable board a foe. Livingstone had been too long in the country for his intentions to be unknown. His crusade against the slave trade had made him much hated both by the European dealers who received the slaves and by the Arabs who supplied them, and now at every step he took he felt a hand against him. It was thus 1871 before he got to the town of Nyangwe on the Lualaba river. Here he saw the slave evil at its height, when woman and children were shot down in the markets, in a sudden, general massacre. Livingstone was helpless to prevent the bloodshed. He watched the slaughter with sickening heart; while a bewildered imagination told him he must have arrived in hell.

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reached Ujiji footsore and careworn, not looking for a friendly face, for he had long given up that hope, when suddenly a European stood before him.

“Dr Livingstone, I presume?”

Too startled to do more than answer “Yes,” Livingstone gazed at this man who seemed to have dropped from heaven. It was H. M. Stanley, correspondent to *The New York Herald*, who had been sent out by the American editor to look for the man whom all England thought dead.

“Spare no money; waste no time; if alive, discover his whereabouts; if dead, bring his bones.” These had been the instructions of the New York editor and for nearly two years Stanley had been faithfully carrying them out. For a few short weeks Stanley remained with Livingstone and together they explored Lake Tanganyika. Livingstone was still bent upon discovering the source of the Nile, and though again and again disappointed he never lost hope. Stanley left him to return home, but Livingstone would not go with him. The Nile still fascinated him more than England and friends and glory. It was not in his nature to leave a task half done. Unwell and weary, he doggedly held on his way, and when walking became beyond his strength he was carried by his men in a roughly made litter.

A few days of this sort of painful travelling brought him to the end, and on 1st May 1873 his servant found him kneeling by his bedside, dead. Those faithful souls who had followed him in his wanderings were filled with sorrow at the loss of the Great Master, but they did what they could to prove their affection, and after embalming the body they bore it to Zanzibar, and put it on board ship for England. Honourable burial in Westminster Abbey awaited Livingstone's ashes, yet it is not there that his spirit lingers, but in the lonely places of Africa, beautiful,

sinister, and fever-laden, where he went on his double errand as missionary and explorer, and where the spectacle of slavery wrung from him the cry : " All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English or Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

CHARLES DARWIN

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

SHAKESPEARE

CHARLES DARWIN was born in the pleasant town of Shrewsbury in the year 1809. His father, a well-to-do doctor, was the son of Erasmus Darwin, the poet and philosopher. Something of the poet's imagination had been handed down to his grandson, and Charles Darwin grew up not only with an observant eye but with a mind ready to dream dreams. His outlook on life was simple; he believed in everything and everybody, and the schoolboy jokes that his friends played off on him never really shook his confidence in a world which seemed to him full of delight. He loved everything alive, and was never so happy as when he was in the country with a dog at his heels. Learning did not tempt his out-of-door fancy and as a boy he brought no glory to his school. His father, a clever, impetuous, busy man, was annoyed by his son's idleness. "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching," he cried, "and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." The boy could say nothing in reply. He was certainly idle in the schoolroom, and the father could hardly be expected to know that the deep knowledge his son already possessed of insect and animal life in the field would one day bring him into fame. At the moment nothing seemed more unlikely. Charles Darwin appeared to be a very ordinary boy, with the most commonplace career before him. From school he was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine.

but the sight of suffering made him despondent and he very soon decided that he disliked the idea of being a doctor. The Church was then offered as a suggestion, and after some consideration he agreed to the idea. This meant leaving the Scottish university, and so, with his books and his goods packed up, he set off for Cambridge. Three years passed very pleasantly here. Darwin did not work hard, but he read enough to get through his examinations, and most important of all, he became very friendly with Professor Henslow, a keen student of botany, who was soon convinced of the young man's ability. This friendship was of the greatest value to Darwin in his work and made his life very happy, for he had a grateful, confiding nature and he warmed to the smallest display of kindness. Entirely contented with his new life, he roamed the fields and meadows in search of specimens and willingly endured any inconvenience for the sake of a new treasure. Beetles became his special joy, and he hunted them with the zest of the born naturalist. "One day," he says, "on tearing off some old bark I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand ; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one which I held in my right hand into my mouth. Alas ! it ejected some intensely acid fluid, which burnt my tongue so that I was forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one."

In this manner Darwin's college years slipped by. Shooting, insect-hunting, and a little reading filled up his happy, leisurely days. At home an uneasy parent waited for news of some great achievement. Such news did not come, but instead came a plea in 181 from his son that he might be permitted to become a member of the expedition which the Government was sending out in a little vessel called the *Beagle* to investigate the coast of South America.

The post was to be unpaid, but there would be great opportunities for natural history study.

Darwin himself was wild with enthusiasm to go ; but from his father at Shrewsbury came a very decided ' no,' unless one sensible person could be found to approve of the idea. Dashed, but not despairing, Darwin sought for the sensible person and found him in an uncle, his mother's brother, who declared it a splendid chance for any young man. Darwin thus got the permission he wanted, and in the highest spirits he set off in the little ship to scour the coast of an unknown land.

What a voyage it was ! The worst miseries of seasickness and ill health could not spoil Darwin's vivid enjoyment. Everything was new and exciting, and even the risks they ran only added to his pleasure. At the end of three years he came back laden with specimens and brimful with new knowledge.

He was no longer the somewhat idle youth he had been at the University, but a man busy about work which he loved so much that he was anxious not to lose a minute. The old leisurly habits fled before this new energy, and henceforth his life was so busy and methodical that he hated to waste an hour of it, and solemnly so entered in his diary any day that was spent in enjoyment or holiday-making. All sorts of new ideas began to play in his mind, and he needed no spur to work. The only thing that kept him in check was the feeling of ill health that frequently seized him. From his appearance no one would have believed him delicate. Travelling, and his long out-of-door life, had made his cheeks fresh and ruddy ; his eye was bright ; his manner full of energy ; his laugh ready and unstinted. But those who knew him best were well aware that though he looked tall and strong he was often suffering miserably when he seemed most gay. He was

kind and affectionate, but he had a mind of his own, and he was never afraid of fighting for his opinions. As he grew more famous he was often bitterly abused for his statements. Abuse of any kind hurt him very much, but it never made him bitter in reply. His enemies could not move him from his position, nor did he ever fling back the stones they cast at him. He strongly believed that every one has a right to think for himself, and he had no sympathy with people who are content to pick up the opinions of others.

Three years after his return from South America Darwin married and made a home in London. He had already written an account of his adventures in the *Beagle* and published it as part of the book written by the leader of the expedition, Captain FitzRoy. It was presently issued as a separate volume, and became not only popular but famous. London society became anxious to meet the author. Well-known men invited him to their houses; invitations for parties and dinners came by each post. Darwin had little relish for popularity; he sunned himself in kindness, but he had no desire to waste precious hours among people who only cared for him because he was great. A happy home and a few, quiet friends—these were what he craved, and there was little regret in his heart when he left London in 1842 and went to live at the village of Down, near Tunbridge.

In Down he was able to live the methodical life he liked best, and with his work and his home he was completely content. Several books were written in these quiet, peaceful years: *Observations on Volcanic Islands*, in 1844; *Geological Observations on South America*, in 1846; and in the same year *A Journal of Researches*, the matter of which had already been included in Captain FitzRoy's book. These productions did a good deal toward making

Darwin known as a scientist and a thinker, but his greatest fame still lay before him, and his most important book, *The Origin of Species*, was still unwritten.

As far back as 1838 Darwin had begun to ponder over what we now call Evolution. The notion attracted him and he began to make experiments to put his idea to the test. He was a cautious worker and not content with merely one or two examples. What he sought was a mass of proof too solid to be doubted. Year by year he kept his great idea in mind, always on the look out for fresh illustrations of his theory, his quick glance searching everywhere for details that seemed trifling to the untrained eye. Nothing escaped him; nothing made too great a demand on his patience; no experiment was too difficult for his ingenuity or too slow for his courage. In this manner he worked for years with an end in view.

He had written down his conclusions and he was about to publish them to the world, when in 1858 he got a letter from another great scientist, A. R. Wallace, enclosing for publication an essay describing exactly the theory which Darwin had thought his! His astonishment was as great as his disappointment. He had imagined he was the first to make the discovery, and now he found another man had been working on precisely the same lines! The disappointment was the more bitter because it was so unexpected, but Darwin was not the man to be ungenerous. He made up his mind to publish the essay by Wallace and to say nothing about his own researches. Happily he was prevented in this intention by a friend, and scholar, Dr Asa Gray, who was acquainted with the work Darwin had been doing, and the two essays thus appeared at the same time. Darwin had made a deeper study of the question than Wallace, and Wallace was the first to decide that his rival had gone further than he had. So generously

was met with generosity, and the two great men shared together the glory and the abuse their theory brought upon them.

In the following year (1859) Darwin published his famous book, *The Origin of Species*, and thus he gave to all the world the ideas upon which he had worked for so many years. The appearance of the book made a great sensation. In some towns booksellers could hardly pack up the copies fast enough, and at the end of the first day the whole of the first edition (some 1250 copies) had been sold. Darwin was delighted by the sale. He looked upon this book as the chief work of his life, and he rejoiced in the thought of reaching the public ear, not for the sake of any glory to himself, but because he was anxious to find listeners to whom he could express his views.

The Descent of Man, in 1871, further explained his belief in the evolution of man from some large common origin. But the public, reading carelessly and thinking at random, declared he had said man was a glorified ape. Every newspaper and journal took up the cry. *Punch* published witty verses about it; there were cartoons and pictures everywhere. This misrepresentation of his views filled Darwin with despair, but he faced the storm bravely, fully content to wait for the judgment of later years. Though for a time abuse fell thick and fast upon him, praise trickled in as well, and sometimes from quarters where it was of high value. Amid the storm of anger and enthusiasm Darwin continued his work with a serene eye. He was not ashamed of what he had done, and though before his death he modified some of his views, in the main his conclusions remained unaltered. He had laboured honestly, and the theories he set forward were the result of conscientious thinking. He was prepared to stand by them as his own, and to defend them against any man. He had

not written for fame nor glory. He had no need of money; nor could writing bring him happiness, for that was already his. His book was the offering of the honest toiler who has unearthed something he believes will be of benefit to the world. In offering his gift, he asked for nothing more than a careful examination of what was in his hand, and in return he gravely considered every criticism passed upon him. He was too interested in his work to ignore any comments upon it. He gave ear to reasonable comment, and did not affect an indifference to praise, provided he felt that the praise was genuinely given.

After the publication of *The Origin of Species* in 1859 he wrote to an admiring friend: "I had a letter from Huxley with such tremendous praise of my book, that modesty (as I am trying to cultivate that difficult herb) prevents me sending it to you, which I should have liked to have done, as he is very modest about himself. You have cockered me up to that extent that I now feel I can face a score of savage reviewers." This letter he playfully signed "your would-be-modest friend."

In common with all really great men, Darwin bore the stamp of true humility. His simple outlook made him not only well content to spend his life in a quiet corner of the world, but so wedded him to a simple round of work and play that he hated anything that broke up the regular habits of his days or forced him into taking a holiday. An absorbing passion for science had changed the sauntering schoolboy, who had exasperated his father with his slack ways, into a man so busy and so practical that he handled even books as tools, tearing off their covers to make them lighter, or plucking out the few pages of value to him and casting the rest into the waste-paper basket.

After the publication of *The Descent of Man* Darwin's

books dealt mostly with botany. He made endless delicate experiments with plants and particularly studied the habits of earthworms. With so much to do he had not time to grow old, nor would he allow himself to give way to the ill health that was always at his elbow.

Death thus came upon him suddenly, when he was still busied about his work, and after less than a day's illness he died at his home in Down in the spring of 1882. By the calendar his age was seventy-three, but great hearts can laugh at such mechanical measurement, and though Darwin had not died young, in the truest sense he had, in the hot fit of life, passed at a bound to the other side.

LORD LISTER

"My object in studying medicine (and may God prosper it) is not to gain a name, money, or high practice, but to do good to my fellow-creatures and assist them in the hour of need."

FRANK BUCKLAND

THE parish of West Ham is now closely crowded with London's poor, a spot where hopes are broken, and good resolutions wither, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was a pleasant village, set with green fields and cottage gardens, and here in 1827 Joseph Lister was born.

He grew up in a happy home. His parents were well-to-do Quakers, and their large and old-fashioned house and gardens were well suited for the thrilling games of childhood. Peace and good-will gave the home its tone, and laid the foundations of the beautiful serenity which distinguished Lister in his old age.

Lister's father, scarcely less clever than his afterward famous son, was an eye specialist and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was delighted to find his son showing an interest in science, and in time he despatched him to University College, London, then just founded, and running the gauntlet of criticism from a public inclined to look suspiciously upon a new university.

In 1847 Lister took his B.A. degree with credit, though not with brilliance, but as soon as he went to University College Hospital his talent began to display itself. In the hospital he felt he had found his true place and he very soon attracted attention as a student of

unusual ability. He was thorough in his work, intensely in earnest, and wonderfully patient. Nothing slipshod ever passed from his fingers. What he took in hand he carried out to the smallest detail, never skirting gaily past anything he did not understand, but pegging away at the difficulty until he had thoroughly mastered it. Such a pupil was sure of appreciation from his teachers, and Lister soon found himself commended on all hands. The methods in the hospital were the best then known. The newness of the University made it necessary for her to be prepared to meet criticism, and especially in the medical school there was an air of briskness and zeal. Very thorough by disposition, Lister responded to the standard set by the professors, and threw himself so heartily into all he did that by 1852 he had not only won several gold medals but he could proudly call himself M.D.(Lond.) and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

With these wings to assist him, Lister set out for a flight. So far he had devoted himself mostly to a study of anatomy, but at the back of his mind he was already beginning to grapple with the great problem of 'hospital gangrene.' This deadly form of poisoning was the despair of all thoughtful doctors of the day. It flourished particularly in hospitals where accident cases were treated. Outwardly the wards might appear a haven of quiet and cleanliness, but unseen lurked the hideous danger of mortification.

This terrible disease, which was marked by a sickening smell, nearly always attacked a patient suffering from an accident in which the bone had been broken and the skin torn. The broken limb might set quite well, but the wounds to the skin, often slight at the beginning, by-and-by too often showed signs of decay, upon which the terrible gangrene set in. All day long the air in the wards



Lord Lister

From a mezzotint by Robert F. Clouston
Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

but the centre of his life was the beautiful Oratory at Birmingham, in whose service he lavishly spent himself.

Now that he had deliberately stepped out of the area of conflict into an office which no one could say he was not entitled to hold, the public interest in his career to a large extent died down. But the flames he had stirred up were too fierce to be quietly smothered, and for years minor storms raged round his head. To these he made no attempt to reply, till Charles Kingsley wrote an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* in which he declared that Newman did not consider truth a necessary virtue. This stung Newman to the quick, and to defend himself in 1864 he wrote his well-known book, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. "What then," he says in the preface, "shall be the special imputation, against which I shall throw myself in these pages, out of the thousand and one which my Accuser directs upon me? I mean to confine myself to one, for there is only one about which I much care—the charge of untruthfulness."

The *Apologia* stirred up new interest in the history of the Tractarian Movement and was read greedily by thousands of people, who had for the time being forgotten Newman, but were now curious to see what kind of a defence he would make. Those who read the book in a spirit of fairness closed it feeling it had been a candid revelation of a soul honestly seeking to be satisfied; and even those whose private dislike of Newman gave a bias to their views were forced into confessing that it struck the note of honesty. His character, with its tendency to self-inspection, its distrust of outside influences, its suspicion of any change, and its desire for a definite touchstone to decide between right and wrong, might be irritating to encounter, and perplexing and difficult to follow, but it was clean from the taint of hypocrisy.

was tainted with the poison given off from the wounds of the patients, and any new-comer ran very grave risk of catching the same dreadful sickness.

The cause for this mortification of the flesh was quite unknown even to the cleverest surgeons, and hence the very word 'operation' grew to be a death-knell in the ears of unhappy sufferers. Chloroform was still not in use, and not only was there the terrible pain of amputation to be faced, but there was a second and more haunting fear that very likely amputation would be followed by poisoning, and poisoning by death.

To solve the secret of this fearful disease now became Lister's most cherished secret hope, and though he spoke to no one on the subject it was never very far from his mind. That there was a solution he was certain, but at present he was quite in the dark about it. With this thought brooding in his mind he left London and went to Edinburgh to study at the University under James Syme, the most remarkable surgeon of his day.

This step proved a great crisis in Lister's life. Syme was at once attracted by the young doctor who had come north laden with recommendations. He liked his serious manner and his workmanlike ways, and he gave him a warm welcome. Before long the two were sincere friends. Lister was full of admiration for Syme's splendid skill in the hospital; and the master was just as enthusiastic about the promise of his pupil. A very happy marriage between Lister and Syme's daughter, Agnes, shortly afterward drew the bond closer, and Lister entered upon an almost ideal life.

In the hospital he was now regarded not only as a doctor who was careful and precise in his methods, but as a man of ideas, who was willing to give himself wholeheartedly to the patient investigation of anything that

might be helpful to suffering mankind. His grave and gentle manner hid a tender and sensitive heart. But he was as resolute as he was kind, and when he was performing an operation, though anxiety would bathe his face with perspiration, he carried out his task with the utmost thoroughness. His patients understood him best. Though he never talked very much, they felt his sympathy, and they learned to watch eagerly for his coming. Outside the hospital Lister was sometimes called cold and aloof, but gravity was natural to the man, and with years it grew into a profound serenity, which, even in the eyes of strangers, hovered like a halo round him.

In 1859 he left Edinburgh to become Professor of Clinical Surgery at the University of Glasgow. Here he found the same terrible disease that had baffled him in Edinburgh. The wards held the same loathsome odour ; hospital gangrene was still supreme.

Under Lister the utmost cleanliness was observed. In his ward, floors were continually scrubbed ; nurses and doctors were scrupulously clean. But these precautions did not hinder the spread of gangrene, and every day men died from a disease beyond the power of any physician. Worst reflection of all was the thought that this disease only settled upon the patient after he had been brought into the hospital, so that instead of saving him, the hospital often helped to bring about his death. This was a danger that every patient had to run. The injured limb which brought him to the hospital might be healed, but to get this benefit he had to take the chance of becoming infected with poisoning from the other patients in the ward.

Lister's failure to check the advance of gangrene did not damp his energy in seeking its cause. All his spare time was spent in tracking down the enemy, but he was still very far from finding its lair, when Pasteur in 1864

made the astounding announcement that every kind of putrefaction was due to the presence of microbes in the air. The truth of this statement is now a commonplace, but when it was first put forward it was hailed with shouts of scorn. The air full of microbes? said the crowd. What nonsense! And if Pasteur had had the misfortune to be born a few centuries earlier he would no doubt have been thrust into a madhouse. But to one man the news came as a revelation. Lister quickly recognized that if there were microbes in the air, the putrefaction that had baffled him in the hospital might be the result of the air upon a wound. If this was so, and if the action of the microbes could be prevented, then the problem would be solved. "The most wide-spreading result of my researches," said Pasteur, "is simple enough; putrefaction is determined by living ferment."

With this clue in his hand Lister set to work again. The ancients, he knew, had preserved dead bodies from decay by balms and spices; by what means would it be possible to preserve living bodies threatened with putrefaction? He began to experiment with carbolic, and though his first case was a failure, the second was a success. Before this date carbolic had been used by town authorities to destroy the smell from sewers, but they had used it without understanding its action. Lister's mind leapt to the true conclusion: carbolic was the foe to the germs which caused the decay. This simple solution of the problem which had seemed more difficult than the Gordian knot flashed upon Lister with the swift surety of truth. He felt he had come within sight of a saving remedy; the difficulty was now to get cases to prove his statement, and to convince the doctors of the truth of his discovery. The task was not easy.

In spite of the publication of terrible figures which

proved that whereas out of 2089 amputations in a hospital 885 persons died, while out of 2089 amputations not carried out in a hospital only 226 died, doctors in general were very loath to admit that an injured man carried into a hospital might get a deadly disease which he would probably escape in an ordinary house. Such an admission struck a deadly blow at hospitals, and was naturally very much resented by those who supported them. But Lister was out for truth. He could not stop to spare the feelings of any in authority, and he persisted in proclaiming the terrible ravages of wound-poisoning in hospitals.

Sir James Simpson now came forward with a plan for hut hospitals, by which a hospital would consist of a number of small huts, each only large enough for one or two persons, who would thus be safe against infection. But the scheme was costly and impracticable, and while it was still being discussed Lister's announcement of carbolic as a dressing for wounds began to attract attention. If Lister was right, then there would be no need for the hut system. The hospitals could remain as they were, and a man suffering from an amputated limb would no longer be a danger to his suffering neighbour.

Matters of such importance were not to be settled hurriedly.

The question was: Was Lister right? The great majority of medical men answered "No," without even giving his methods a trial. One or two with a wider view said nothing, and began to experiment upon the new lines. Meanwhile Lister took charge of one ward in the Glasgow hospital, where his method produced such wonders that the results seemed almost miraculous. The sceptical still hung back, scoffing at the man who pinned his faith to carbolic; but round Lister there grew an ever-widening

band of pupils, enthusiastic about their master and prepared to uphold him against the world.

This enthusiasm was a great support to Lister in his daily struggle against the hostile attacks which met him from many quarters. To all such criticism he stood foursquare. In disposition he had never been resentful, and now his confidence was absolutely unshakable. Criticisms and abuse poured off him and left him as serene, as gentle, as determined as ever. The vindictive did their best, but they could not ruffle the calm of which a rhymster humorously wrote :

*" And many an hour, and day, and week he spent,
Racking his very brains till he grew pale,
: : : : :
Until at last he found, it made him placid,
The true solution in Carbolic Acid."*

From Glasgow, Lister went back to Edinburgh in 1869 as Professor of Clinical Surgery. He was met here by an air of coldness. The students were indifferent ; and they eyed his methods with doubt. But his persistence carried the day, and gradually he won to his side a band of nurses and pupils as devoted as those he had left in Glasgow. From abroad, too, appreciations of his experiments began to pour in. Foreign surgeons declared their belief in the use of carbolic, and the Listerian or Antiseptic treatment of wounds began to be generally known and commended. Lister rejoiced in this recognition—not for his own sake, for his modesty was as great as his serenity, but because of what his methods might mean to the sufferers in the world. In this vision he humbly exalted. The thought of suffering was never far from his mind. He was not a morose man, but he had little or no sense of humour. The grave side of life had early caught his eye, and he had no time for frivolities. With children, though he had none

of his own, he was at his gayest, and as happy as any of them over a game. But he saw life as a battle, not as a frolic. Sickness was too stern an enemy to be neglected. Not for an instant could the armour be doffed.

In his work and in his love for his wife he found his whole world, and with these he was more than content. Though he accepted honours they did not change his simplicity. Queen Victoria made him a baronet in 1885; in 1895 he became President of the Royal Society; and in 1897 he was made a peer. But these honours were only incidents in a life which found its centre and its joy in work carried out to a fine end.

Until almost the end of his career Lister continued to be attacked by men who were unwilling to acknowledge the truth of his methods. But when from every quarter of Europe praise of his treatment began to flow in, the most grudging had slowly to give way. "Carbolic is a wonder," wrote the great Doctor Von Nussbaum in the Franco-Prussian War. "This discovery of Lister's has worked wonders." Against praises such as these were the jeers of lesser men, who talked scornfully of the 'carbolic mania.' Even among the British Association were men who declared the whole theory "not only absurd but a positive injury"; and some doctors made it a boast that they would have nothing to do with the new-fangled treatment.

Through this medley of praise and blame Lister went placidly on his way, so certain of the truth of his discovery that he was moved by neither friend nor foe. He went through life in the manner of a pilgrim with his face to a goal, and, like Christian, he had the happiness of finding what he sought.

His life ended in 1912, when he was an old man of eighty-five. Laments from many nations followed him to

his grave, but long before this he had won his heart's desire. For though praise is sweet because it tells of the certainty of triumph, the supreme gladness lies in the heat of the battle, and the greatest moment in Lister's career must have been on the day when he first applied his treatment and found it succeed.

Phase V—Religion and Philanthropy

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, CARDINAL

"I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds."—FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE nineteenth century was but a year old when John Henry Newman was born in London. His father, a banker, was able to give his son a good education, and in 1808 the boy was sent to a well-established school at Ealing. A shy, dreamy, sensitive child, Newman's first plunge into life was not without its moment of pain, but he had plenty of courage and a store of gentle friendliness, so that he was soon happy at school and spent eight and a half pleasant years there. Reading was his chief delight, and he passed steadily from form to form, to the satisfaction of his masters and his parents. Already there was a little air of aloofness about him. He did not fall easily into the ways of boys and men. Games did not please him, nor the jollity that goes with youth.

In this spirit he went to Oxford at the close of the year 1816. He was not quite sixteen years of age, but his seriousness gave him a place with older men. Life at Oxford, with its leisure and its wide opportunities for study, allured and delighted him. But he shrank from the exaggerated conviviality which hob-nobbed with learn-

ing and industry, and he therefore withdrew more and more into his own routine. The spiritual reflections which had awakened in his mind in his schooldays, grew deeper in these years at college, and a sermon which he heard at St Mary's Church upon the world-old theme of predestination, definitely fixed his attention upon the problems of the Church.

His anxiety to do well at the University made him work beyond his strength. Those who knew him well were impressed by his powers and were certain he would succeed. But his own spirit was diffident and anxious, and at the examinations his overstrained nerves played him false, so that he took only a moderate place instead of being covered with the glory his friends fondly expected. This mishap did not shake the faith of those who were best acquainted with his abilities, and in spite of the comparatively poor figure he had made in the lists he was elected Fellow of Oriel in 1822. Hardly able to believe his good fortune, Newman rushed off to the post office to send the tidings home; for once staidness was scattered to the winds, and he raced down the street in gladness.

With this important event, Newman's career appeared to be settled, and he declared he could wish for nothing better than to live and die a Fellow of Oriel. Oxford gave him all that he most desired. In the quiet quadrangles, and the narrow, winding streets, he found ever at his elbow ghostly presences of the past, drawing him into closer and closer communion with the spirit of other days. From beyond the college walls came rumours of a fighting, rebellious generation, trailing an ancient faith in the dust, and believing in nothing that it could not prove. Such rumours distressed and alarmed Newman's mind, with its earnest striving after an unbroken faith, and he listened with anxiety and distaste to the tale of increasing unbelief.

Among his friends in the Oriel common-room were several men of piety anxious to find truth, and to these he began to lay bare his dismay at the growth of liberalism in religion. Pusey and Keble were among these confidants, also Dr Whateley, his superior in office, and for ten years his warm friend.

While Newman was thus gradually making his way along a path that would end in a battlefield, his reputation as a scholar was steadily advancing in his college. In 1826 he was made Public Tutor in Oriel College; and in 1828 he became Vicar of St Mary's, a church famous as the place in which Cranmer made his famous recantation before he was hurried to the stake, and memorable for ever in Newman's mind as the spot where he had heard the sermon which finally fixed his attention upon dogma.

A very happy life now seemed to lie before him. The atmosphere of Oxford was pleasant to his intellect; he had sufficient friends; in the University he was held in honour; and in his church he found an outlet for the spiritual devotion that was the most necessary part of his life. Everything desirable had come his way, and his letters home at this period ripple with gentle happiness, and betray by their occasional rhapsodies the contentment of his heart. Newman's style of writing, even in his letters, was always simple, clear, and unaffected, but at special moments he rose into higher flights, in which he often captured a beautiful image or a mystical thought, as in the following extract from a letter written in the spring-time of 1827 to his mother, then living at Brighton: "Does the sea blossom? Are green leaves budding on its waters, and is the scent of spring in its waves? Do birds begin to sing under its shadow and to build their nests on its branches? Ah! mighty sea! Thou art a tree whose spring never yet came, for thou art an evergreen."

Or again, when poor health in 1832 drove him to take a sea voyage, he wrote home from the Mediterranean : " What has inspired me with all sorts of strange reflections these two days is the thought that I am in the Mediterranean. Consider how the coasts of the Mediterranean have been the seat and scene of the celebrated empires and events which are in history. Think of the variety of men, famous in every way, who have had to do with it. Here the Romans and Carthaginians fought ; here the Phœnicians traded ; here Jonah was in the storm ; here St Paul was shipwrecked ; here the great Athanasius voyaged to Rome."

Many a man passes repeatedly down the Mediterranean without a thought of what its white-flecked waves have to tell of the past, but Newman could not traverse it once unmoved. To him the chief interest of the present always lay in its connexion with the past or with the future, and while one day his journey might lead him to conjure up the figures of men who had passed that way before him, on another day it would waken mystical imaginings of the future. Thus the first glimpse of the Mediterranean led his mind to St Paul and Jonah, but a little later, on board an orange boat, the same sea brought him a vision of the future, which he enshrined in the beautiful and famous lines : *Lead, Kindly Light*.

From this voyage Newman came back with his desire to cherish the spiritual life of the Church more firmly implanted in his mind than ever. With William Palmer, Hurrell Froude, and John Keble he made a solemn vow to defend the dogma of the Church of England, and a campaign against liberal thinking was thus begun. Keble, in 1833, preached a memorable sermon upon National Apostasy and thus flung out the signal of battle. Newman followed it up with afternoon sermons at St Mary's and

the Tractarian Movement (as it came to be called) was fairly set on foot. Hard upon these signals of warfare came a series of *Tracts for the Times*, in which Newman and his supporters zealously defended the ancient dogma of the Church and called for a stricter observance of her doctrines. As the movement gained ground, public opinion began to be frightened, and it was declared that the Tractarians were secretly trying to bring the Church of England under the sway of Rome. Such an intention was far from Newman's mind at the moment. He distrusted Rome, and thought her doctrines in error. What he really desired was to restore the Church of England to the conditions which existed immediately after the Reformation, and thus to insist upon the truth of the dogmas, which had latterly been held only lightly, or else openly ignored and derided. He held that much of the ritual belonging to the English Church had been usurped by the Church of Rome, and that this ritual ought to be restored. At the same time, the general position of his mind remained very little changed from 1830, when, travelling through a village and finding no church open for meditation, he had written home: "Though we have gained more, we have certainly lost something by old Luther."

Newman did not go through the struggle for what he held to be the truth without much agony of soul. From his quiet vicarage at Oxford he sought to peer into the heart of the world, where his earnest gaze found so much doubt, unconcern, and disbelief, that he recoiled in dismay to seek refuge in dogma and tradition. Far too honest to be satisfied with a position which he could not wholeheartedly accept, he continued to probe his mind on the subject of his belief, amid bitter attacks from his enemies and a good deal of criticism from his friends.

Though he was fully alive to the growing hostility against him, he did not falter in his process of self-examination; human blame could count for very little with one who was struggling to find peace with God, and though the shouts of disapproval sounded loudly in his ear they were scarcely heard by his inner self. A tract from his pen, now famous as *Tract Ninety*, in which he declared that the Articles of the Church of England were not opposed to the teaching of Catholicity, made him the centre of fresh storms of disapproval. He was accused of being a Roman Catholic in disguise; of weakening the English Church from within; of playing the traitor to the Protestant faith. Were these charges just? Was his true place really in the Church of Rome? Newman could not answer. He was more perplexed than his critics; more honest than the most outspoken of his enemies.

To find the answer and to set his conscience at rest, he withdrew in 1842 from Oxford to Littlemore, a church in a neighbouring village in his charge, and here he set himself to fast and pray in the search for holiness and peace.

This characteristic withdrawal from the world was received impatiently by men of fixed opinion. Such indecision was beyond their understanding. They had neither sympathy nor patience with his yearnings. He was a hypocrite, so they said; and wild tales were told of his 'cell' at Littlemore, and of the parade of his worship.

Meanwhile, in humbleness of heart Newman was seeking the way which alone could bring him peace. "What have I done," he wrote, "that I am to be called to account by the world for my private actions in a way in which no one else is called? Why may I not have that liberty which all others are allowed? I am often accused of being underhand and uncandid in respect to the intentions to which I have been alluding: but no one likes his own good

resolutions noised about, both from mere common delicacy, and from fear lest he should not be able to fulfil them. I feel it very cruel, though the parties in fault do not know what they are doing, that very sacred matters between me and my conscience are made a matter of public talk."

A year after his withdrawal to Littlemore, Newman decided to resign the living of St Mary's. All his friends were against him in this step, but he held to his point. "I think it is safer," he said, in a letter to his sister, "as a matter of honesty, *not* to keep my living. . . . People cannot understand a man being in a state of doubt, of misgiving, of being unequal to responsibilities, etc.; but they will conclude that he has clear views either one way or the other. All I know is, that I could not without hypocrisy profess myself any longer a *teacher* and a *champion* for our Church."

Two years later (1845) Newman left Littlemore and became a member of the Church of Rome. His enemies were delighted at his action, which they took as a proof of the hypocrisy with which they had long taunted him. But Newman was no hypocrite. He reached conclusions very slowly, but he knew every inch of the path. Others might jump at opinions, and in their hurry skim past a dozen pitfalls, but Newman conscientiously travelled through hill and dale, observing, examining, and meditating upon every stick and stone by the way. His convictions were all hardly come by; he knew what he believed.

A year after he joined the Roman Catholic Church he went to Italy, where he was ordained as a priest, and came back to England to establish an Oratory at Birmingham in 1847, and another at London in 1850. From 1854 to 1858 he was also rector of the Dublin Catholic University,

but the centre of his life was the beautiful Oratory at Birmingham, in whose service he lavishly spent himself.

Now that he had deliberately stepped out of the area of conflict into an office which no one could say he was not entitled to hold, the public interest in his career to a large extent died down. But the flames he had stirred up were too fierce to be quietly smothered, and for years minor storms raged round his head. To these he made no attempt to reply, till Charles Kingsley wrote an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* in which he declared that Newman did not consider truth a necessary virtue. This stung Newman to the quick, and to defend himself in 1864 he wrote his well-known book, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. "What then," he says in the preface, "shall be the special imputation, against which I shall throw myself in these pages, out of the thousand and one which my Accuser directs upon me? I mean to confine myself to one, for there is only one about which I much care—the charge of untruthfulness."

The *Apologia* stirred up new interest in the history of the Tractarian Movement and was read greedily by thousands of people, who had for the time being forgotten Newman, but were now curious to see what kind of a defence he would make. Those who read the book in a spirit of fairness closed it feeling it had been a candid revelation of a soul honestly seeking to be satisfied; and even those whose private dislike of Newman gave a bias to their views were forced into confessing that it struck the note of honesty. His character, with its tendency to self-inspection, its distrust of outside influences, its suspicion of any change, and its desire for a definite touchstone to decide between right and wrong, might be irritating to encounter, and perplexing and difficult to follow, but it was clean from the taint of hypocrisy.

In time Newman's life again fell into the placid routine that pleased him most. Enemies ceased to trouble him. In 1877 his old University of Oxford made him an honorary Fellow of Trinity, and in 1879 the Church of Rome created him a cardinal. Age was beginning to lessen his activities, but it did not make his zeal any fainter. The restlessness which had disturbed his middle career had been quenched by the absoluteness of his belief in Rome. To a mind such as his Rome offered a citadel. Once across its threshold he felt for ever safe. To cross it was no easy matter, but once the step was taken, the final surrender was much easier for him than it could ever be for a mind more open to new ideas, and less desirous of a fixed conclusion.

In the swift passage of time, opinions must needs be shaped and re-shaped many times. Newman had not the intrepidity which delights in a new mould. His mind held tenaciously to the past, or looked into the future beyond this life, but it seldom isolated the present, or dwelt upon the needs of the passing moment. Even his flights into mysticism were tempered by a remembrance of what he had already experienced. He could not "dance in and out of Heaven." He craved a securer footing.

He lived on into very old age and did not die till 1890, when he was almost ninety years of age. During the latter part of his life he was more than half forgotten by a new generation, born after the excitement aroused by the *Tracts for the Times*. Yet the Movement still has its influence, and though its aims were afterward in part renounced by Newman, it must always be regarded as important in a study of the spiritual history of the English nation.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

"Think of spiritual results :

Sure as the earth swims through the heavens, does every one of its objects pass into spiritual results."

WALT WHITMAN

ONE of the most striking and lasting developments of the Victorian age has been the firm establishment of the middle classes. The passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 was only one sign of the existence of this new body, which for years had been silently growing strong and powerful. Many causes had helped to bring about this change. The decay of the Whig aristocracy, the final disappearance of a belief in the 'divine right' of a monarch, the spread of education, the invention of machinery, the raising of the standard of general comfort, the wide advances made by reformers, the doctrine of a man's own worth, and the new opportunities for labour provided by the rapidly increasing trade of the country—all these had had a share in fostering the growth of a large class of industrious, intelligent citizens. These citizens, tolerably educated, well fed, well clothed, active in body and alert in mind, were ready to play their part in the country; they were determined to think for themselves in politics, in business, and in religion.

By tradition they were largely Nonconformists, the offspring of the men and women who had suffered hardships under the ecclesiastical policy of the Restoration, or been quickened into spirituality by Wesley or Whitefield. Every year made their numbers larger, till they had grown

into a solid body of men whose opinions began to make an impression not only on the nation's commerce, art, learning, dress, and manners, but on her religion.

The keynote of these men and women was earnestness, and what they first of all demanded from any leader, whether in the Church or in the State, was that he should speak what he really believed. Intensely in earnest themselves, and profoundly conscious of the reality of sin, they turned naturally toward an austere form of worship, dignified by the unmistakable presence of truth. Such was the general feeling of the times when Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born.

Seventeen children make up a large family, and as the eldest of seventeen, Spurgeon's early days were spent in a noisy and lively household. He was born in 1834 at Kelvedon in Essex. His father, a tradesman in a small way, was descended from a family of Protestant refugees from Holland, and from these ancestors had been handed down the simple piety which marked the home to which the boy belonged.

He was no quiet, studious youth. Headstrong and full of strong passions, he was often the perplexity and despair of his parents. Nothing made him afraid, and he was as daring in his speech as he was bold in his actions. But he was as affectionate as he was impetuous, and his tempests of loving made his faults readily forgiven. His imagination was vivid, and he was easily impressed by anything he heard or saw. His quick survey left out nothing in its sweep around him, and his ear lost little of what it heard. He could pluck the heart out of a page at a glance, and he seldom forgot what he wanted to remember.

As a child he was taken to hear many preachers, and preaching gradually became fixed in his mind as the noblest profession for a man. Brimful of love for God, he



Charles Haddon Spurgeon
Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.

demanded warm clothing for those who were facing winter in the Crimea ; she set up reading-rooms and coffee-stalls, and encouraged the soldiers to live a decent life. Her good humour, kindness, and common sense won the hearts of those whom she had never nursed, and those who knew her in the hospital spoke of her with an affection that was not very far from reverence. All sorts of pathetic little requests were made to her, and a great part of her time was taken up in replying to letters from home begging for news of the wounded.

In the heat of this vast reform Miss Nightingale's supreme characteristic of composure was steadily deepened. As her scheme advanced, critics loosed their arrows at her ; Protestants objected to the number of Roman Catholic nurses in her care ; the idle and the unthinking wrote her down as a busybody. Far too wholesome in her outlook, and too busy with her work, to spend more than a fitting, good-humoured glance on these carpings, Miss Nightingale went on her way, fighting for cleanliness, method, routine, and efficiency. How far away were the days when she had looked at the clock and thought its fingers would never reach ten ! The minutes now flew by so quickly that she had scarcely time to eat or sleep. A spirit so ardent could stop at nothing short of the end of the task, and day and night she was about the work she had taken in hand.

Back in England, after the close of the war, Florence Nightingale was still the same tireless worker and organizer. A command from the Queen to visit her at Balmoral gave her an opportunity she quickly seized. Her chief desire was to get sanction for a Royal Commission to inquire into the regulations affecting the sanitary conditions of the British army, and as a result of her visit to Queen Victoria the Commission was appointed in 1856.

From this date ill health forced her to keep in the

resolved after a meeting at which his soul had been profoundly stirred, that some day he would himself become a preacher. With this aim in view, in 1849 he went as an usher to a school at Newmarket. A year later he became a Baptist and was publicly baptized. His early idea of being a preacher was still unshaken, and the next year (1851), when he was only seventeen, he was appointed minister of a little Baptist church at Waterbeach, near Cambridge, where the whole year's salary did not amount to more than twenty pounds. Little or much, the salary was all the same to Spurgeon. Money had no attraction for him, and beyond what was necessary for his barest needs, he gave away all through his life everything that he had.

The young preacher of seventeen, in his tiny village church, soon made a stir by his audacious sermons. He had a quick wit and a nimble fancy, and nothing ever held him back from making use of any idea that came into his head. Anything and everything that flashed through his quick brain was put into service, and his sermons became marked with a wealth of anecdote that scandalized many, but delighted more. Even those to whom his jokes seemed ill-timed and unseemly were unable to deny his profound earnestness. In his sincerity lay his great power. He might offend, annoy, or scandalize thousands, but not one could hear him preach without feeling the weight of his conviction.

After two years at the little church at Waterbeach, Spurgeon was invited to London to preach at Park Street Chapel. He was astonished at the invitation, but quite unabashed, and having made up a small bundle of things really needed he set off for London with a happy, expectant heart.

But the sight of the capital dashed even his audacious

spirit. He had not pictured anything so bewildering, and astonished by the noise and the throngs, and the news he heard of wonderful preachers on all hands, he stepped into the pulpit almost timidly and in fear. The building was large and the congregation absurdly small, but Spurgeon gradually recovered possession of himself, and before the sermon was over several of his listeners had come to the conclusion that this raw youth from the country was a wonderful young man. These carried home reports of his originality, his fervour, and his beautiful voice, and to his astonishment Spurgeon found he had made a mark even in London itself.

A year later he settled altogether in the capital, and thus he embarked on a career which was to influence many thousands of people. His early congregations soon swelled into large numbers, and he who had preached to less than a hundred soon found a thousand people sitting before him. Some came merely out of curiosity, some to scoff, and some to while away an empty hour, but hundreds came because they were driven into coming by the strange compelling power of this most original and daring of preachers. As his popularity grew, building after building was found too small for Spurgeon's needs, till at last in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, with its seats for 6000 people, he found a fitting harbourage. Not since the days of John Wesley had men and women thronged so eagerly after a preacher.

At the Crystal Palace in 1857, 24,000 people came to hear him, and this enthusiasm was not a mere passing fancy; week after week he had huge audiences at his feet, so that more almost than any other man of his day he had opportunities of influencing the generation in which he lived. The raw country youth, who at nineteen had preached his first London sermon to a con-

gregation of less than a hundred people, at twenty-three gazed across a sea of more than twenty thousand faces, all upturned to listen to him. The West End was there as well as the East End and the suburbs, but the huge congregation was above all a sign of the strength and capacity of the middle classes, rapidly but securely becoming the veritable backbone of the nation.

Spurgeon's popularity naturally made him the centre of much criticism. Journalists tore him to pieces in the newspapers; artists mocked him in caricature; on public platforms, in meeting-houses, and in drawing-rooms, he was warmly and often bitterly discussed. All these excursions touched him very little. He saw life as a serious business, requiring the whole of a man's attention, and he flung himself so thoroughly into the battle that he had little time to listen either to praise or to blame. He lived with a hearty zest, abandoning himself entirely to the needs of the moment, whether it was preaching to a large congregation, talking to a friend, amusing a party of children, comforting some one in trouble, or following out his own pleasure. His form of humour was often unrefined, but it never failed him, and he was able to meet with a happy jest those minor accidents and misfortunes of life which as a rule cause a wry face.

Apart from the high importance of his life as a preacher, Spurgeon founded the Pastor's College (an institution for training theological students), and a home for children, known as the Stockwell Orphanage, which was generously thrown open to children of any creed. His sermons were printed weekly and had an extraordinary sale, so that thousands who had never heard Spurgeon preach, regularly read his sermons and came under his influence. He also edited a paper called *The Sword and Trowel* and wrote several commentaries and books, the most noteworthy of

these being *The Treasury of David* and *John Ploughman's Talks*.

These busy concerns completely filled Spurgeon's life till an illness forced him to rest, and after a series of half-returns to health he at last died in 1892 at Mentone. His practical eloquence had made him renowned throughout the world and all ranks of society were stirred at his death. In the old sense he had been no great divine ; he had little scholarship ; he was no mystic. But he was so sincerely in earnest ; so devoted to the work in his hand ; so heedless of self-advancement ; so untiring in generosity ; so forceful in arresting the attention of even those who most disliked him, and so far-reaching in his influence on the lives of thousands in the nation, that he cannot be disregarded by the student of the history of the times, nor is he unworthy of the epithet ' great.'

ANTONY ASHLEY COOPER, SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

"There is nothing in the world gives as much pleasure as poetry—except little children."—JOHN BRIGHT

AT Grosvenor Square, London, in 1801 was born a boy, Antony Ashley Cooper, who was afterward to do more than any other man of his day to help little children. His home was wealthy, but to the boy it was not a happy one; and though the first boarding-school to which he was sent was the haunt of cruelty and bullying, he seareely longed for the holidays, since holidays meant only a return to a house where he was neglected and little wanted. An old nurse was his greatest friend, and into her ear he poured his tales of a school about which he wrote later: "The memory of that place makes me shudder; it is repulsive to me even now. I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy, and the treatment was starvation and cruelty."

At twelve years old Shaftesbury became a Harrow boy, and for the first time in his life he began to be happy. He loved everything beautiful, and he delighted in exploring the pleasant country that lay round the school on the hill. On one such day, when his mind was in an ecstacy of joy, he saw some men carrying a pauper's coffin to its grave. They were drunk, and they sang foolish songs as they jolted along with their grim load. Shaftesbury was shaken with horror. How dared they treat the dead man so coarsely? The answer came into his mind:

He was poor: nobody cared. "Then I will care," thought the schoolboy, and thus the pauper's coffin became a milestone on a new career.

From Harrow, Shaftesbury went to Oxford, after which, in 1826, following the example of many of his friends, he became a member of the House of Commons. He was a tall, good-looking young man, very slight, and with a grave, cold face. Few would have guessed from a casual glance that his cold, almost forbidding manner hid a heart that leapt with sympathy at every tale of woe and distress. Many of the members in the House he knew before entering, others were soon inclined to be friendly, for he bore with him an air of sincerity, and men instinctively felt he was to be trusted. Vague notions of reforms were already beginning to flit through his brain, but for the present he had no clear plans, except that he was ready to do all he could to help his own party. Canning was the man he admired most thoroughly, but the Duke of Wellington was also his friend. Shaftesbury was conscious that his own talents were neither high nor unusual, but he was determined not to be an idler. "The State," he said, "may want me, wretched ass as I am."

For two years he did little to attract public attention. He was a quiet, hard-working member, but no one knew much about him till 1828, when he began to inquire into the management of asylums. What he found there filled him with horror and misery. He saw men and women half naked, and in chains, lying untended in dirt and discomfort, with only bread and water within their reach. He resolved that all England should be roused to make the lives of these poor creatures less wretched. To his amazement he found that his stories of what he had seen caused very little public dismay. In commerce and in every kind of industry England was making great strides, but the



The Earl of Shaftesbury
Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.

drawing in earnest, and in 1789, when he was but fourteen years of age, he became a student at the Royal Academy, founded in 1768 by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A year later Turner's first picture appeared on the Academy walls, and the first period in his life as an artist was fairly begun.

During this early part of his career Turner devoted himself entirely to engravings and water-colour paintings. He had a commission to supply engravings for *The Copper Plate Magazine*, and to get subjects for this work he used to go for long tramps into the country, carrying a bundle of clothes on his shoulder, and walking many miles a day. He had splendid health and very simple wants, and on these long, solitary walks his heart was as happy as his mind was busy. Already possessing the wide, comprehensive memory of genius, he could carry in his mind a minute picture of what he saw around him. A slight sketch of some detail that had caught his eye would be enough to bring the whole scene flashing before him. He had no need to return again and again to a spot to fix the impressions he had received. With him seeing and receiving were instantaneous, and once the impression had become his, it was his for ever.

In his early days his impressions all came to him through sober tones of grey and blue and brown. Perhaps this was the result of the years in Maiden Lane, where the surroundings had been dim and sordid, and where necessity had grimly driven life along a drab path. But with expansion Turner's outlook changed. Vivid colours caught his eye; yellows and reds began to flame in his pictures; there was warmth where before the tones had all been carefully subdued.

This change in his work became more apparent after a visit he made to Yorkshire at the close of the eighteenth

national spirit of mercy still slumbered. Shaftesbury set himself to waken it by preaching in season and out that wretchedness such as he had seen ought not to be. Gradually he drew a small degree of public attention, and thus he began a long list of reforms on behalf of the sick and miserable; on behalf of women working in mines; of children toiling like little slaves in the coal pits and factories. He pleaded for better education; for shorter hours and better regulations; but most of all he pleaded on behalf of the pauper boys and girls, often not more than six or seven years of age, who were sent up chimneys, or thrust down into coal pits, or driven into factories—frightened children, half fed and half clothed, helpless to resist, and often mere bundles of misery. Many died; some sank into a state little better than imbecility; only a few were able to hold their own; the rest, long before their teens, knew the full bitterness of life.

In his fight on behalf of children Shaftesbury found a strong supporter in Peel. As early as 1819 Peel had passed a Bill which forbade any child under nine to work in a factory, and limited the hours of work for children from nine to sixteen to twelve hours a day. But the law was often broken, and Shaftesbury's inquiries proved that many children of less than nine years of age were every day working from morning till night with little rest, little food, and little reward. It was these children that Shaftesbury longed to help. He upbraided the House of Commons for its sloth and asked indignantly whether "sixty-nine hours (of work) a week were not too many for the children of the British Empire."

Year after year the agitation went on. Shaftesbury was determined to make the public hear him, and he kept pouring out terrible accounts of the sufferings of English boys and girls. Particularly dreadful were the

pictures he drew of children in mines, where they sat in the darkness, sometimes ankle-deep in slime, frightened by the silence, still more frightened by the noises of rats and mice, waiting till the thud of an approaching truck made them quickly fling open the trap-door, then close it, and so back into silence and terror again.

Little by little these passionate pleadings won the attention of the country, and though many people reviled Shaftesbury and cast all kinds of abuse on his name, he steadfastly held to his colours, till by 1844 he had not only succeeded in vastly improving the lot of women and children in factories, but he had carried through a Bill absolutely forbidding the employment of women and children in mines.

Shaftesbury was by this time a man of forty-three, energetic, full of determination, and prepared to fight lustily for his point. Enemies had done their best to move him from his path of reform, but he was not to be dislodged. Homeless boys and girls next drew his attention, and he set out to help the scores of ill-kept, forlorn children who at night crawled under the arches to sleep because they were homeless and without a friend. Ragged schools had already been begun in the hope of bringing happiness to some of these forlorn boys and girls, but Shaftesbury's help gave the movement fresh force, and greatly widened its powers. He became President of the Ragged School Union, and occupied the position for more than forty years.

While Shaftesbury was engrossed in improving the condition of the poor, the death of his father in 1851 made him a peer. Honours of this kind interested him little, except for the help they gave to his schemes. He had a happy home, and he dearly loved his wife and children, but the chief thought of his daily existence was how to



Florence Nightingale
Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.

the other hand, he thought very little of gold ; what he prized most, his power as a painter, he poured out generously, working early and late so that he might give freely of all that was in him.

With the dawn of the Victorian era his last period began to approach, and from 1840 till his death the mark of decline appears. But though years were robbing him of his skill, this period is in one sense the greatest in his life, for it was in 1843 that Ruskin began to preach the supremacy of Turner over all other English painters. Thus the golden age of his appreciation dawned. He had not, so far, been without a share of fame, and his pictures had been sold at a high price, but Ruskin's masterly study in *Modern Painters* lifted him beyond his own day and established for ever his position as an artist. And thus, while Turner was wandering about the Continent, half conscious that his old powers were beginning to decline, a champion in England was weaving for his head a crown of glory which would only shine the brighter with years.

Not content with establishing his supremacy as a painter, Ruskin took up the cudgels for Turner's character, and in reply to the bitter tongues of gossips he declared warmly : "During the ten years I knew him, years in which he was suffering most from the evil-speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of any living man or man's work ; I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look ; I never knew him let pass, without sorrowful remonstrance, or endeavour at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another. Of no man but Turner, whom I have ever known, could I say this."

Turner's last picture was exhibited in 1850. He was now growing old. For sixty years he had seen his pictures on the walls of the Royal Academy. Few artists could

she wrote in her journal: "O weary days, O evenings that never seem to end! For how many long years I have watched that drawing-room clock and thought it would never reach ten! And for 20 or 30 more years to do this!"

Her great ambition was to become a nurse, but in those days well-bred women were taught that work must be left entirely to men, and at each mention of the subject Miss Nightingale saw her mother's face set in disapproval, and presently a trip abroad would be offered her as a pacification.

On several occasions these journeys were undertaken, and for a time they succeeded in turning Florence Nightingale's mind from her great object. But to the distraction of her mother, the bewilderment of her friends, and the amusement of casual onlookers, she always came back to the same subject: nursing, and nothing less than nursing, would satisfy her.

Not naturally methodical, she trained herself into exact and regular habits, and diary-keeping became one of her chief ways of filling up her leisure hours. In these pages she gave full play to her longing for some harder occupation. "What is my business in this world," she wrote in 1846, "and what have I done this last fortnight? I have read *The Daughter at Home* to Father, and two chapters of Mackintosh; a volume of *Sybil* to Mama. Learnt seven tunes by heart; written various letters; ridden with Papa; paid eight visits. Done company. And that is all."

'Done company!' Here lay Miss Nightingale's chief stumbling-block. With an active mind tugging her into the workaday world, she was held fast by the chains of society, and forced to spend in fruitless prattle the hours that she longed to fill with labour. To her friends she

seemed odd and unreasonable, full of whims that ought not to be encouraged. What more could any girl want than so beautiful a home? they asked among themselves.

If Florence Nightingale had answered the question, she would have said she wanted not more, but less. She wanted to be free from the fetters of society; to be able to cast aside trifling aims, and to go out and find in work her own salvation.

On one of the various journeys abroad offered to her as a distraction, Miss Nightingale made two friends who afterward became very closely knit up with her life. These were Mr and Mrs Sidney Herbert, the former of whom was Secretary at War during the time of the Crimean campaign. It was largely through Mr Herbert that Miss Nightingale ever went to the field as a nurse.

When the friendship between these three was first begun in 1847 Florence Nightingale was a restless daughter at home, daily consumed by desires for activity. Such incessant longing for a vocation began to show itself in her face. The nobility of her expression deepened, and many who met her were impressed with the conviction she was working toward some purpose, so absorbed was her air, so serious and determined her glance. Some, anxious to help her, suggested she should become a writer, but the idea did not capture her fancy. "Writing," she said vigorously, "is only a supplement for living." And so the first thirty years of her life passed, and she was still as far as ever from actively helping in the relief of the Ignorance and Poverty with which she had early declared her sympathy.

As she was still unmarried at thirty, in a day when girls in their teens became wives, Florence Nightingale's family reluctantly agreed to let her have some of her own way. At Kaiserwerth in Germany there was a charitable society

founded in 1823 by a Protestant pastor, Theodor Fliedner, who had begun his work by helping a prisoner set free from gaol. From this small beginning had sprung a great mission of help, which included an Institution of Deaconesses. Some of these women worked in the hospital which was part of Pastor Fliedner's undertaking. Florence Nightingale determined to join these Deaconesses for a time, and with this purpose in view she went to Kaiserwerth in 1850. Her arrival made a great stir, not only among the Deaconesses, who were all women of lowly birth, but among English society, to whom the idea of a gentlewoman taking up a profession was new and distasteful. But Florence Nightingale put little value upon the opinion of society, and having taken the first step she was eager to go to the end. From this date most of her time was spent either at Kaiserwerth, or in the hospitals in Paris, till she was invited to come to London as the Superintendent of the newly built Establishment for Gentlewomen During Illness, which stood in a street off Cavendish Square.

No sooner had Florence Nightingale taken up nursing in earnest than it was evident that she brought genius to her work. Her whole character grew stronger; the rather morbid imaginings of her early days passed from her as a cloud passes, and her letters and journals became full of liveliness and vigour. In this gay spirit she met all difficulties, refusing to admit that a thing could not be done, and turning a deaf ear to the little stream of criticism that followed her reforms. She had time and sympathy for every one except bores or impostors, and these she swept from her with the vigour of a person too busy to waste a moment, and too wide awake to be deceived. Yet she never hustled nor seemed driven, and throughout the whole of her busy career she kept round

her that air of quiet control which became one of her strongest characteristics.

In these years England was slowly drifting toward war. For some time English distrust of Russia had been fanned by the papers and journals. Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, had no love for Russia, and he believed firmly in the good intentions of the Sultan of Turkey. Thus in 1854, when difficulties began to arise between Turkey and Russia, Palmerston's private desire to send help to Turkey was supported by a burst of popular enthusiasm for the war. England had been so long at peace that the awfulness of a war had been forgotten, and for the moment the people saw nothing but the glory and parade of battle. The few who hesitated to approve found eyebrows lifted against them, so general was the desire for an enterprise which ended in outeries and disaster.

The full force of the terrible side of the war was first brought home to the nation after the battle of Alma by a dispatch to *The Times* from the War Correspondent, Mr William Howard Russell, who wrote of the wounded in the hospital at Scutari: "Not only are the men kept, in some cases, for a week without the hand of a medical man coming near their wounds . . . but now it is found that the commonest appliances of a workhouse sick-ward are wanting, and that the men must die through the medical staff to the British Army having forgotten that old rags are necessary for the dressing of wounds."

This dispatch, followed by letters urging that nurses should be sent out to the battlefield, filled Florence Nightingale's soul with the conviction that here was the work she had all her life been blindly seeking. She wrote offering her services. Her letter was crossed by one from Sidney Herbert, then Secretary at War, asking her, on behalf of the Government, if she would be willing to

go abroad to superintend the nursing of the wounded. After only a week's delay she set off, accompanied by a band of thirty-eight nurses, sworn to be loyal to her.

The little company did not sail to the Crimea, but to Scutari, where the Turks had given their English allies the use of a large barracks as a hospital. Florence Nightingale entered this gaunt building with a hopeful spirit. What she found there was more than enough to put her courage to the test.

Long rows of beds, covering three or four miles in length, each held a suffering and groaning man. Sheets were few, cooking utensils scarce, the kitchens *literally* miles away from some of the patients, and absolutely without appliances for cooking quickly the light, delicate food constantly needed by people who are ill. Everything was slovenly and dirty; rats ran about the wards; vermin hid in the bedding; wounds stank and filled the air with a loathsome odour.

At the sight of the tremendous task before her Miss Nightingale's heart leapt up to meet the need. Instead of being discouraged, she was exhilarated; her eye took fire; her back stiffened, and she set herself to play the part of a true soldier. No department escaped her keen glance; she looked into the ovens and the food-coppers; into the cupboards where the stores were kept; into the tubs in which the washing was done. The washing of clothes, she found, had been disgracefully neglected, largely because the stock of linen was so small. She wrote vigorous letters to the English Government demanding immediate stores for her needs, and when after weeks of tireless struggle she had changed the barracks from a foul harbourage of sick men into a cleanly and orderly hospital, she set herself to study the wants of the convalescent and the unwounded. In the carrying out of these efforts she

demanding warm clothing for those who were facing winter in the Crimea ; she set up reading-rooms and coffee-stalls, and encouraged the soldiers to live a decent life. Her good humour, kindness, and common sense won the hearts of those whom she had never nursed, and those who knew her in the hospital spoke of her with an affection that was not very far from reverence. All sorts of pathetic little requests were made to her, and a great part of her time was taken up in replying to letters from home begging for news of the wounded.

In the heat of this vast reform Miss Nightingale's supreme characteristic of composure was steadily deepened. As her scheme advanced, critics loosed their arrows at her ; Protestants objected to the number of Roman Catholic nurses in her care ; the idle and the unthinking wrote her down as a busybody. Far too wholesome in her outlook, and too busy with her work, to spend more than a fitting, good-humoured glance on these carpings, Miss Nightingale went on her way, fighting for cleanliness, method, routine, and efficiency. How far away were the days when she had looked at the clock and thought its fingers would never reach ten ! The minutes now flew by so quickly that she had scarcely time to eat or sleep. A spirit so ardent could stop at nothing short of the end of the task, and day and night she was about the work she had taken in hand.

Back in England, after the close of the war, Florence Nightingale was still the same tireless worker and organizer. A command from the Queen to visit her at Balmoral gave her an opportunity she quickly seized. Her chief desire was to get sanction for a Royal Commission to inquire into the regulations affecting the sanitary conditions of the British army, and as a result of her visit to Queen Victoria the Commission was appointed in 1856.

From this date ill health forced her to keep in the

background, but she was still very much a general to be reckoned with, and not a detail of the work of the Commission passed her without scrutiny. The death, in 1861, of her friend and adviser, Lord Herbert, was a great blow to her. In him she lost so valuable a helper, devoted a friend, and sincere a believer in her cause, that for a time she felt the very foundations of her life were shaken. She had looked to Herbert to carry through her scheme with her, and now death had taken him. As a friend she sorrowed truly for him, and as a worker she rebelled against the absence of one whom she had grown accustomed to regard as a person who was always there. To her the work of her heart was dearer than any human being, and the friends she most valued were those who were willing to throw themselves entirely into the service of helping sick humanity. With indecision she had no patience. Practical and full of resolution herself, she had scant mercy for those who halt between two opinions. In her view, things either were, or were not; and whole-heartedness was the one quality she demanded above all others.

This decisiveness of character marked every part of her life, and its influence was strongly seen in her religious beliefs, about which she once wrote that "the excellence of God is that He is inexorable." A more deeply contemplative mind might search for tenderness and pity, but the firmness of Miss Nightingale's outlook made her place justice above tenderness, righteousness above pity, and enabled her to rejoice in majestic fixity.

Through all these years Miss Nightingale lived the life of a hermit. Ill health was her excuse, and she saw hardly any one. Friends and strangers alike were kept at a distance, and even her mother and her sister were only permitted an occasional visit. To those who did not

understand her this extreme seclusion seemed an affectation, but it was in reality her only possible safeguard. Miss Nightingale's heart was still in her work. In spite of physical weakness she panted and struggled for toil, and only by entirely shutting herself off from society was she able to do battle with the letters which daily poured in a flood upon her. Though she was largely shut off from human company, she was as truly in the midst of the world as the most hard-working statesman; and from the quiet fastness of her private room she issued dispatches and sent out orders, like a general from his tent on the field.

Her chief interest was now given to India, but she was also intent upon reforming nursing all over England. The nurses who went into private homes to look after sick persons were often ignorant and quite unfit for their work. Florence Nightingale set about changing all this. Her aim was to make nurses so efficient and thorough in their work that nursing would be lifted from its miserable condition and be regarded as an honourable profession. Before her life closed she had the satisfaction of seeing her hopes more than realized.

When the Royal Commission of 1865 was inquiring into the British army in India, Miss Nightingale made it her business to know about every detail of their work. Life at Scutari had made her love the soldiers, and she fought hard for their comfort. Largely through her energy workshops were set up, soldiers' gardens planted, and recreation-rooms and coffee-stalls established. For it was one of Miss Nightingale's shrewdest conclusions that a soldier who is not on active service must be kept healthy and happy by giving him as many pleasures and recreations as the circumstances make possible. Even the barrack horses came in for her notice, and she pleaded

for a small window in stables as being of the 'utmost importance' to the health and spirits of the animals housed there. Lord Dalhousie, who had been Governor-General of India from 1848-1856, attacked her methods on the ground of their costliness, but against the heavy expenses of reform, Miss Nightingale was able to point triumphantly to the great saving of life among the troops, the better health of the soldiers, and therefore the general improvement in their service.

From thoughts about India and general home-nursing Florence Nightingale in 1864 plunged into the question of Workhouse Reform. A well-known philanthropist in Liverpool, Mr William Rathbone, had become impressed by the terrible condition of things in the workhouse wards, where the sick were kept in a dirty, neglected condition, often unattended for hours together, and then only helped by the rough service of paupers from the neighbouring wards. Mr Rathbone offered to pay for two years for a proper staff of 'Nightingale' nurses, and a huge reform was thus set on foot. From her room in London, Miss Nightingale directed affairs in the Liverpool workhouse, where the change was soon almost miraculous. "My beloved chief," Mr Rathbone called Miss Nightingale, and in return she respected him with the warmth and sincerity which she felt for all genuine workers.

For many years Miss Nightingale had been a public heroine. Her courage in going to the soldiers at Scutari had given her popular renown, and the solid work she had done there had made her admired and respected by statesmen, and thinkers, and every kind of reformer. She was established in the hearts of the people, but she had done much more than this. She had proved that a woman could be a great organizer, and she had impressed herself upon the whole nation as a worker who cared for

nothing so much as her work. "Florence the First, Empress of Scavengers, Queen of all Nurses, Reverend Mother of the British Army, and Governess of the Governors of India"—so one of her admirers described her. "Maid of all (dirty) work," . . . flashed back Miss Nightingale—"that's me." The latter is the truer picture. Titles of all sorts had no power to move her, and she despised every kind of public show; but honest work of any kind she valued and admired, and in her eyes to be 'maid of all work' for the nation was as great an honour as to be a queen.

Old age did not take Miss Nightingale's personality from her, nor did years of bad health lessen her energy or dim the pungency of her remarks. She was still the vivid, dominating, somewhat ruthless spirit she had ever been, very eager for work, and only comforted by the thought of leaving labour in this world by the belief she would be able to pursue it more heartily than ever in the next. But even against so dauntless a spirit old age has its conquest, and in 1910, at the age of ninety, her life found its close.

The Order of Merit, given to her some three years earlier by King Edward, was but one of her rewards. Her greatest happiness lay in the satisfaction of work well done, and in the knowledge that in her passage through life she had left behind her footmarks that would resist the strongest inroads of Time.

Phase VI—The Fine Arts

J. M. W. TURNER

"He saw in nature not a picture for his copying, but a palette set for his brush ; not a habitation prepared for his inhabiting, but a Coliseum whence he might quarry stones for his own palaces."

—FRANCIS THOMPSON

EVEN more than a century ago Maiden Lane was one of London's dingy streets. High, flat-windowed houses and a littered pavement gave it a depressing, neglected air, and there seemed small chance that out of these sordid surroundings should spring a child with a soul for beauty. Yet the miracle happened in 1775 when at the barber's shop, an unswept, ill-kept establishment, a boy was born and christened by the high-sounding name of Joseph Mallord William Turner.

Those were the days of wigs and frizzed hair, and though his shop was small, the barber drove a good business within its dingy walls. He was a small, 'parrot-faced' man, knowing little beyond his trade but passionately fond of the child who was beginning to prattle at his side. Some stumbling help from his parent gave the boy a knowledge of reading, but his education was haphazard and slight, and in spite of being for a short time at school, first at New Brentwood and then at Margate, in the ordinary sense he was not well educated. But though New Brentwood and Margate did little toward making him a scholar, they helped him in a more important way.

Born and bred in dingy Maiden Lane, the first glimpse of the country round New Brentford was a revelation to the child. Colour had always delighted him, and now he began to understand it, and thus the first seed of his future work was planted.

New Brentford in time gave place to Margate, then a small, uncrowded seaside place with little to break the view; where a long stretch of yellow sand lost itself in a wild, dancing sea tossing picturesque craft on its waves, beneath an ever-changing sky. Turner's mind had already been quickened by colour, and he now gave his heart to the sea. An abrupt, shy, sensitive boy, he realized vaguely that the careless, untrammelled ocean held something wide and splendid which he could never express in words. Speech was always a difficulty to him. Even as a man he lost himself in his phrases, so that often his closest listener found it difficult to follow his meaning, and as a boy he must have suffered greatly from yearnings beyond any words he could find. In the sea he discovered the communion which he seldom found with men, and his boyish delight in the ocean grew into a deep-fixed passion and guided his genius in his search for expression.

By the time he was fourteen Turner had decided to become a painter. His father was quite willing. He had no wish to confine his son to the sordid area of the barber's shop, and he was more content to see him flourishing a pencil instead of the frizzing-tongs. But the father had an eye to business, and the drawings and paintings of the boy were hung about the little shop, and thus it often happened that a bewigged old gentleman, who came to have his wig set in order, went off carrying under his arm a sketch for which he had paid a shilling, or perhaps even two.

With his career thus fixed, Turner began to study



J. M. W. Turner
Charles Turner
Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

features but the soul. While he sketched in the rough outline of his subject he made it his aim to subordinate himself to the man before him. He drew him out with questions, and tried to understand his character. "I sink myself altogether in the portraits I paint," he said. But this subordination was not passive; it was strongly active—an untiring, intellectual investigation, which often resulted in bringing out on canvas traits which the sitter himself hardly knew he possessed till he saw them in the picture. It was this supreme combination of docility and investigation that made Watts so remarkable as a portrait-painter. His great tenderness for men; his insight; his nobility; his entire devotion to truth; his self-forgetfulness; his earnest wish to serve others, all mingled with the colours on his brush to create no painted mask but the likeness of a soul.

During the years in which Watts was becoming famous as a portrait-painter, he was living with his friends Mr and Mrs Henry Thoby Prinseps, at Little Holland House in Kensington. Watts was a loyal friend, and his exquisite neatness both in his personal habits and his work made him a welcome inmate in any house. He disliked every kind of affectation and never tried to draw attention to himself. A careless splash of paint on his coat, in his eyes was not only a blemish to his coat but a slur on his care as an artist, so finely did he interpret the obligations of his craft. Though he had plenty of humour of a quiet kind, he had also the concentrated earnestness of purpose so often found in the imaginative Celt. Watts was fond of tracing a connexion between his family and the Welsh, and there are many indications in his work of descent from that race, which, bred among mountains, is keenly alive both to the poetry and the tragedy of life. To the Celt, pomp and majesty are no empty words. To

drawing in earnest, and in 1789, when he was but fourteen years of age, he became a student at the Royal Academy, founded in 1768 by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A year later Turner's first picture appeared on the Academy walls, and the first period in his life as an artist was fairly begun.

During this early part of his career Turner devoted himself entirely to engravings and water-colour paintings. He had a commission to supply engravings for *The Copper Plate Magazine*, and to get subjects for this work he used to go for long tramps into the country, carrying a bundle of clothes on his shoulder, and walking many miles a day. He had splendid health and very simple wants, and on these long, solitary walks his heart was as happy as his mind was busy. Already possessing the wide, comprehensive memory of genius, he could carry in his mind a minute picture of what he saw around him. A slight sketch of some detail that had caught his eye would be enough to bring the whole scene flashing before him. He had no need to return again and again to a spot to fix the impressions he had received. With him seeing and receiving were instantaneous, and once the impression had become his, it was his for ever.

In his early days his impressions all came to him through sober tones of grey and blue and brown. Perhaps this was the result of the years in Maiden Lane, where the surroundings had been dim and sordid, and where necessity had grimly driven life along a drab path. But with expansion Turner's outlook changed. Vivid colours caught his eye; yellows and reds began to flame in his pictures; there was warmth where before the tones had all been carefully subdued.

This change in his work became more apparent after a visit he made to Yorkshire at the close of the eighteenth

century. Here he met Walter Ramsden Fawkes of Farnley Hall, a miscellaneous writer, a keen abolitionist, and for a time a Member of Parliament. The two men became sincerely attached to each other, and a bright period of friendship followed. At Farnley Hall Turner was at ease and happy. He went fishing and shooting ; he lay about in the garden, and talked and laughed with his friends. Those who knew him later in life, and thought him silent and suspicious, would have found it difficult to recognize in him the happy-hearted comrade of Farnley Hall.

The death of Mr Fawkes a few years later was a great blow to Turner. He had not the happy knack of expressing himself, much less the art of making a friend. He was sensitive about his appearance, and he made it worse by his slovenly dress. His face was flat and uninteresting, his nose long, his eyes small and dull. Nothing about him showed any special power, and the casual observer would never have taken him for a man who would leave a name in the world. Outwardly he was less than ordinary, a commonplace man with a commonplace mind. But his pictures tell a different story. Here if anywhere is a painter who is also a poet ; a man with a passion for beauty ; who can paint with his brush what he cannot say with his lips ; who may have been ordinary in face and features, but who was most certainly extraordinary in soul. If the work is greater than the man, let it be remembered that it is by his work that a man must be judged.

During these early years Turner had been working with an industry that never tired. He had been an Associate of the Royal Academy since 1788, and in 1802, when he was only twenty-seven years of age, he was declared a full Royal Academician. Fame had begun to take him by the hand. He was pointed out as a painter of con-

sequence, and though women laughed at his uncouth appearance, they were wise enough to respect what he could do. For this reason they continued to invite him to dinners and entertainments, though he very seldom went from home.

Since 1813 he had lived in a tall, dismal house in Harley Street. Here he shut himself up, absorbed in his work and quite unconcerned about any duty to society or his fellows. The centre of his affection was his father, now old and fallen on evil times, through the disappearance of wigs. Turner brought him to Harley Street and gave him a home in his house, where they lived affectionately together till 1830, when the barber's death left Turner practically friendless. Among the fashionable world were plenty who would have been willing to be acquainted with the painter leading such a taciturn life but who painted so sublimely, but Turner was beyond the age when he could remodel his habits. He had allowed himself to grow silent and suspicious, and now he did not know how to be on friendly terms with men. He had lost the power of associating with others, and it was now for ever out of his grasp. Work thus became his absorbing thought, and to this end he gave up all his days. "My children," he used to call his pictures, and he could not bear to part with one. If the parting had to be made, however, he took care that the price paid should be fitting. People called him mean and miserly, but he was saving with an end in view. He greatly desired to found a society for the help of poor artists, and with this intention he hoarded up his money. His own wants had always been so simple that he was not aware of anything lacking in his dingy surroundings. What would seem hardship to many, was comfort to him, and for luxury he never craved.

Till he was forty-four Turner never visited Italy, and

it was 1819 when he went there for the first time. It was a memorable visit, and gave rise to the middle, or second great period in his life. The glow of colour in Italy delighted his eye and gave him fresh ideas. He came back eager to work out what he had seen. He mixed new colours on his palette, and put in bolder effects. By giving a warm glow to his foregrounds, and leaving the background lambent and cool, he endeavoured to heighten the sense of contrast, and at the same time to throw round his pictures that fairy glow which is so indicative of his work.

To the critic who ventured to object that the sky effects were such as he had never seen, Turner's reply was curt and conclusive. "Don't you wish you had?" he said brusquely, and the critic said no more. The well-known picture, *The Fighting Temeraire*, is a splendid example of this period, or, still better, the fine canvas, first exhibited in 1829, known as *Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus*. This latter picture shows Turner at his full height as an epic painter. A great subject drew from him great powers, and showed him a giant in thought as well as with the brush. He was no painter of a tiny corner. His gaze never became wholly riveted on something small and exquisite. His glance had width as well as intentness, and his mind leapt to great imaginings. All this he poured carelessly upon his canvas with the fullness that comes only from delight in giving, and he who has sometimes been called a miser, here emptied himself royally. He gave the whole wealth of his imagination; nothing was held back or grudged; and when all was done, and imagination and paint-box could do no more, the picture was added to the collection some day to be given to the nation. How far from miserly was this conduct! It may be true that Turner hoarded up his money, but, on

the other hand, he thought very little of gold ; what he prized most, his power as a painter, he poured out generously, working early and late so that he might give freely of all that was in him.

With the dawn of the Victorian era his last period began to approach, and from 1840 till his death the mark of decline appears. But though years were robbing him of his skill, this period is in one sense the greatest in his life, for it was in 1843 that Ruskin began to preach the supremacy of Turner over all other English painters. Thus the golden age of his appreciation dawned. He had not, so far, been without a share of fame, and his pictures had been sold at a high price, but Ruskin's masterly study in *Modern Painters* lifted him beyond his own day and established for ever his position as an artist. And thus, while Turner was wandering about the Continent, half conscious that his old powers were beginning to decline, a champion in England was weaving for his head a crown of glory which would only shine the brighter with years.

Not content with establishing his supremacy as a painter, Ruskin took up the cudgels for Turner's character, and in reply to the bitter tongues of gossips he declared warmly : "During the ten years I knew him, years in which he was suffering most from the evil-speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of any living man or man's work ; I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look ; I never knew him let pass, without sorrowful remonstrance, or endeavour at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another. Of no man but Turner, whom I have ever known, could I say this."

Turner's last picture was exhibited in 1850. He was now growing old. For sixty years he had seen his pictures on the walls of the Royal Academy. Few artists could

look back upon the accomplishment of so much work as he could. Early and late he had striven after his art, and for its sake he had neglected everything else. To some he seemed a successful man, and therefore to be envied; to some a man who had tasted disappointment as well as success; to others merely an eccentric who knew how to use his brush. What was the real man? Surely the test of a man's real self must be found in his work, which must often be greater than he is himself, a reflection of the yearnings of which he so often comes miserably short. And how splendid were Turner's imaginings and desires, nothing reveals more clearly than the pictures which have given him a front place among painters in oils, as well as the noble title of supremacy, the greatest water-colour artist ever born.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

*" I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread :
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper."*

FRANCIS THOMPSON

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI was born in 1828. The home to which he belonged was very unlike most of the homes in London. Though placed in the English capital, it had a foreign air about it. Many of the men and women who came there as guests were Italian revolutionaries, anxious to discuss patriotic affairs with the master of the house, Gabriel Rossetti, who had himself been driven by political opinions into seeking a home in England. Passionate discussions were thus often carried on in the presence of the four Rossetti children, who early grew accustomed to the visits of these eager, voluble friends of their father. In one of the four children at least the endless debates roused a distinct feeling of enmity, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti grew up with a hatred for all kinds of politics. His instinct was toward colour, beauty, and passion, and he fretted against any influence which threatened to disturb the pursuit of the things he most highly cherished.

A short excursion into the life of a day school near his home was followed by several years at King's College School. At school he was just an average boy, fairly good at his work, lively, affectionate, and impulsive, but wrapped up in his own thoughts, and entirely self-reliant.

From childhood he had shown a taste for drawing, and in 1842, when he was only a schoolboy of fourteen, he was taken from school and sent to a drawing academy to be trained as an artist. Here he alternately idled and toiled; sometimes he would work through half the night; sometimes he would fritter away his time for whole days together. Colour had already become a passion with him, and he cared very little for the form if he could imprison the glow in which his eye luxuriated.

At eighteen Rossetti joined the Royal Academy Antique School, where he studied for a time, but by the time he was twenty he had more or less freed himself from any kind of instruction, and was determined to paint as genius taught him. About this time a picture by Ford Madox Brown captured his admiration, and in his usual impulsive way Rossetti wrote to Brown and asked him to teach him. Ford Madox Brown was only a young man of twenty-seven at the time. He took the letter for a practical joke, and went round to Rossetti's house in a rage. When he found he had mistaken the feelings of the writer he made friends with him, and for some months Brown not only taught Rossetti free of charge but gave him harbourage in his house. Rossetti was a tiresome guest. Sometimes he would lie in bed till noon; sometimes he would demand meals at midnight. Of the ordinary routine of an ordered house he knew nothing, and cared less. When he was in the fit of inspiration he had neither eyes nor ears for any one but himself, and he expected everything in the home to be arranged in the way he found most comfortable. As a rule he got what he wanted. Behind his back there might be grumbling and little bursts of annoyance, but these murmurs never came to Rossetti's ears. His charm of manner melted the heart of the most enraged, and those who came to scold nearly always went away his slaves.



Dante Gabriel Rossetti

By Himself

Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

his grave, but long before this he had won his heart's desire. For though praise is sweet because it tells of the certainty of triumph, the supreme gladness lies in the heat of the battle, and the greatest moment in Lister's career must have been on the day when he first applied his treatment and found it succeed.

By twenty-three Rossetti was already in a small way famous. His pictures had appeared in the Royal Academy and other public exhibitions, and his well-known painting of the Annunciation (*Ecce Ancilla Domini*) had made him considerably discussed as a painter of new and original methods. In this picture, the Virgin, clad in white, is seen half crouching upon her bed, while an angel, holding a tall lily, stands before the Virgin and announces the glad news of the son she shall bear. The daring white effects of the picture, its delicacy of outline, and its somewhat affected simplicity, struck a new note in painting and brought criticism crashing upon the head of the artist. But presently Ruskin rushed into the fray, and defended Rossetti's work so warmly, that the critics who had been loudest in their blame took another look at the picture of the young man who had dared to paint in a novel fashion, and jeering thus gradually gave place to enthusiasm.

But just when the critics laid down their arms, and decided that Rossetti was a painter to be applauded, Rossetti threw himself into writing poetry and began to wonder whether after all he had not more vocation as a poet. In this mood some of his finest poems were written, till an impatient letter from his father, reproaching him with neglecting his art at a time when poverty was threatening the family, made him hastily return to his brush; for with all his careless artistic ways Rossetti had a kind heart, and a keen sense of the business value of work, and he had no relish for poverty, either for himself or his relations.

The pictures he had so far exhibited had brought him friends as well as reputation. Ruskin was his staunch supporter, and among his more intimate friends were Holman Hunt, Thomas Woolner, John Everett Millais, and Ford Madox Brown. To carry out their ideals in art Hunt,

Millais, Woolner and Rossetti in 1848 formed themselves into a little group which they called the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. By this term they asserted that they imitated no one, not even the great Raphael himself. They believed that the early painters, who lived before Raphael, were right when they painted directly from nature and acknowledged no other authority. For many years there had been very little originality in English Art. Even the greatest masters had made Raphael's methods the test of their work. But now the little band of Pre-Raphaelites set out to sweep aside every trace of conventionality, to paint things as they saw them, and to disregard utterly the hamperings of tradition.

Rossetti was the leader of the courageous group, and his own fixed belief in himself made him well fitted to carry out the principles the Pre-Raphaelites had sworn to follow. By instinct he was a poet, and he saw life as a poet sees it—in vision. Vision may mean either idealism or realism. It may mean so ruthless a tearing away of the draperies of life that everything stands out with an almost appalling clearness; it may mean the glamour of a veil over everything. The latter way was more natural to Rossetti. He was not blind to the horrors of life, but he saw them through a haze of colour and romance, and even when he deliberately painted evil—as in the Borgia picture, where two bright children dance in the foreground, and the figures of the Borgias and a leering priest suggest a background of vice and unwholesome luxury—the hideousness of the suggestion is so enwrapped with its gorgeous setting that a casual glance might never see it.

Thus to Rossetti, whatever the subject, vision was always something splendid, and even when he lit upon evil he saw it in a rainbow tint. In his eyes colour was supreme, and he delighted in the sensation of everlasting-

ness which the sudden glow of pure colour can excite. It was more to him than form; it was indeed the soul, and in all his pictures the colours are of such importance that not even the smallest splash is without its special significance. In poetry, as in painting, he saw vividly and richly. There is nothing hesitating or vague in his effects; everything is heightened, poignant, unforgettable.

While Rossetti was in the grip of poetry and wondering whether he had not better forswear his brush for his pen, he brought out a small Pre-Raphaelite magazine, known as *The Germ*. Four numbers only appeared, but these four were enough to prove that his poetry was scarcely less great than his painting. Like his pictures, his poems are full of what is the essence of the Romantic Movement—"an ever-present apprehension of the spiritual world and of the soul's struggle with things earthly."

In 1855 Ruskin, who had shown himself a true friend to Rossetti, gave him such support that he was able to paint without the fear of poverty to hinder him. This generous help was given for some years, but after 1868 Ruskin and Rossetti never met again. Rossetti lived so entirely in the present that he was inclined to be blind to everything else, and even in friendship he passed lightly from one intimacy to another, without a moment's regret for the associations that were left behind. Few who met him could resist his spell, and there was no time in his life when he was not succoured and encouraged by the one or other of the many friends who followed him in his path through life.

In 1860 he married Elizabeth Siddal, a beautiful but delicate girl who had often sat as a model for his pictures. Two years later she died, and in an excess of grief Rossetti placed in her coffin a manuscript of his poems. Some years later, through the persuasions of his friends, the

poems were recovered, and finally published in 1870. By this date his paintings had made him a rich man, and his income was not less than two or three thousand pounds a year. But though success had taken him by the hand, happiness was hiding her face, and a period of deep sadness and gloom began to settle upon him.

This dark cloud never again lifted, and though faithful friends kept him in their care, he could not shake off the nervous terrors which troubled him. His art was still his consuming passion, and his imagination as fertile as ever, though the vividness which had marked alike his personality and his work was overclouded. But nothing could dim his vision of colour, or dull his ecstasy in the blending of glowing tints. The stern rigour of a painter such as Hogarth is not to be sought on his canvases, nor the lambent beauty of Reynolds, nor the fine width of Turner, but poetry, imagination, colour, romanticism, these are all there in abundance, so that it may well be said that in his art Rossetti "struck boldly across the path, leaving a trail of fire."

The same words are true of his career in literature. His ballads are finely original. They are full of colour, but they are not merely pictures, and while the eye is delighted with the pictures created by the verses, the heart is stirred by the pathos of a tale wrung unflinchingly from truth.

A long and painful illness left Rossetti broken and half blind, but he had still enough of his old vigour to struggle with his work, and in between fits of hopelessness and depression he arranged for an edition of his poems, in which he included the poems already published in 1870, a number of new ballads, and the splendid series of sonnets known as *The House of Life*.

A fresh illness at the end of 1881 made work almost

impossible, and though he had short intervals of better health, he never really improved, and he died in the spring of 1882, when he was nearly fifty-four years of age. Ill health had saddened the end of a life which in its opening career had been singularly vivid, but it could not destroy the glory of the pictures with which Rossetti had enriched the world, nor rob his poems of the intensity and colour by which they are set apart in the literature of the day.

G. F. WATTS

"I think nobly of the soul."—SHAKESPEARE

TO an imaginative child no book is more wonderful than the stories of Greece. Little George Frederick Watts, born in 1817 in the home of a piano-maker in London, had few books to delight him, but among the few was Pope's Homer. By the time that he was seven he knew many of the legends by heart, and in his crude, childish way he had made drawings of them. All these early attempts in art have been lost with the exception of one, which shows Sisyphus engaged on his never-ending toil of rolling the stone uphill.

Though but a child when he drew this sketch, Watts knew enough about life to realize that it had its difficult side. His father was not rich; his mother, more or less an invalid; and over the house hung the vague, alarming cloud of poverty.

A child as sensitive as G. F. Watts could not live in this atmosphere without feeling its influence. Too young to understand all that the lack of money implied, he was quite old enough to feel the presence of anxiety, and at an age when most children are content with toys he gravely set his childish mind to grapple with serious things.

It may have been this early realization of struggle that helped to develop his keen sense of pictorial values. Colour delighted him, but he found a finer joy in form, and the austere, decisive touch of a sculptor can be discerned in most of his pictures.

As a child at home, Watts was troubled with ill health. He was small for his age, and highly self-conscious. Often he would fly into a passion, and upset the whole house with his tempests. Terrible headaches would set in, and for two days or more he would be unable to move, after which, very repentant and silent, he would creep about the house till he was well again.

By disposition he hated every kind of restraint. Early rising and punctuality were among his bugbears. But his mind was strenuous, and as he grew older he forced himself so sternly into the habit of using up every minute that even in old age he would rise at dawn, anxious not to lose a moment of precious time. He was nearly eighty when he got up one cold December morning at five o'clock exclaiming: "Oh, I am so glad the night is gone. I want to get to my work."

In 1835 Watts became a student at the Royal Academy Schools, but only for a short time. He did not need the example of others to spur him to work; his own energy and devotion drove him on; and, finding the teaching not what he had expected, he withdrew and attached himself to William Behnes, the sculptor, spending long hours in his studio, watching him at work. A few haphazard lessons from Behnes were supplemented by long visits to the Elgin Marbles, in which Watts found his greatest inspiration. These splendid proofs of the greatness of man's mind stirred Watts into a like nobility. High thoughts filled his imagination. To be "good" in the purest and best sense became a passion with him. "What did you talk of?" some one once asked, referring to a conversation he had had with a worldly young man. "We talked of the stars," Watts answered simply. It was his habitual theme. Whatever the subject, his talk was always "of the stars." Himself

noble in instinct, he looked for nobility in others, and could hardly ever be brought to acknowledge any man mean or malicious.

In 1837 Watts exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy. He was twenty, poor and almost unknown, and so far his work was unmarked by definite originality. The British School of Lawrence was at present his model, and there was little in the handling of his work to distinguish it from that of his contemporaries. Too poor to be able to seek inspiration abroad, he was forced to plod on at home till 1842, when he won a prize of £300 which had been offered by the Government in a competition for the best cartoons for decorating the newly rebuilt Houses of Parliament. Watts had chosen for his subject: *Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome*, and he decided to spend some of his prize money in a short visit to Italy. But once there he found it impossible to tear himself away; and the intended short visit stretched into an absence of nearly four years. Much of his time, meanwhile, was spent in studying the works of Raphael, or in painting the portraits of people whom he met at the house of Lord and Lady Holland. This friendship with the Hollands, which began soon after Watt's arrival in Florence, lasted throughout his life and was the greatest possible help and happiness to him.

A second offer of prizes by the Government for frescoes for the Houses of Parliament brought Watts back to England, and in 1847 he won a prize of £500 for a painting known as *King Alfred inciting the Saxons to resist the Landing of the Danes*. This new success set him for the time being free from the cares of poverty. He had always held high ideas of the relationship between the nation and the artist, believing that an artist should be literally the servant of his generation, and be employed

by the State to teach great national lessons. To be a national high priest in art was Watts' highest ambition, and with this aspiration in mind he offered to paint a series of frescoes in the great hall at Euston Station merely for the cost of the materials. But he soon learnt that commerce looks doubtfully at art, for his offer was refused.

Undaunted by this rebuff, and determined to find a space on which to express his ideas, Watts wrote to the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, proposing to paint a fresco in their hall. His offer was accepted by the Benchers, and from 1854 to 1859 he occupied himself in painting his great fresco on the subject of *Justice*, in which he included the figures of all the famous lawgivers from the day of Moses to modern times. The service was to be unpaid, and Watts had no store of money behind him, but so strongly did he believe in the consecration of the artist to the common good that he spent the greater part of five years over this public labour. When the fresco was finished the Benchers presented him with £500, in appreciation of the work he had willingly given at a time when many young artists would have made it their first thought to secure money and fame.

Watts' visit to Italy, and the practice in portrait-painting he had had among the Holland circle, had made him realize his powers in this respect, and in London he soon became renowned as an artist who not only reproduced the features of his sitter, but made his character stand out. Among the portraits of this period there are many of well-known men, including Browning, Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, Tennyson, Russell Gurney, Joachim, William Morris, D. G. Rossetti, Carlyle and Cardinal Manning.

Very early in his career Watts had declared that he intended to paint "ideas, not things," and in his portraits he followed the same theory, painting not merely

features but the soul. While he sketched in the rough outline of his subject he made it his aim to subordinate himself to the man before him. He drew him out with questions, and tried to understand his character. "I sink myself altogether in the portraits I paint," he said. But this subordination was not passive; it was strongly active—an untiring, intellectual investigation, which often resulted in bringing out on canvas traits which the sitter himself hardly knew he possessed till he saw them in the picture. It was this supreme combination of docility and investigation that made Watts so remarkable as a portrait-painter. His great tenderness for men; his insight; his nobility; his entire devotion to truth; his self-forgetfulness; his earnest wish to serve others, all mingled with the colours on his brush to create no painted mask but the likeness of a soul.

During the years in which Watts was becoming famous as a portrait-painter, he was living with his friends Mr and Mrs Henry Thoby Prinseps, at Little Holland House in Kensington. Watts was a loyal friend, and his exquisite neatness both in his personal habits and his work made him a welcome inmate in any house. He disliked every kind of affectation and never tried to draw attention to himself. A careless splash of paint on his coat, in his eyes was not only a blemish to his coat but a slur on his care as an artist, so finely did he interpret the obligations of his craft. Though he had plenty of humour of a quiet kind, he had also the concentrated earnestness of purpose so often found in the imaginative Celt. Watts was fond of tracing a connexion between his family and the Welsh, and there are many indications in his work of descent from that race, which, bred among mountains, is keenly alive both to the poetry and the tragedy of life. To the Celt, pomp and majesty are no empty words. To

him the smallest happening is apt to nod with greatness. The hills around him speak of Eternity: his mind turns naturally to solemn things.

In Watts this double capacity for seriousness and beauty was strongly marked. Both instincts stirred in him, and though he revered beauty he was also the teacher. There were, indeed, times when the teacher in him made him so anxious to explain his lesson that he was half inclined to sacrifice beauty for its sake.

This deep sense of duty marks the difference between him and the Pre-Raphaelites. The Pre-Raphaelites were above all else individual. Their aim was to paint in the utmost perfection whatever object fell under their eye. Every detail, to the ornament on the table, or the ring on a finger, was to be reproduced with exquisite precision, exactly as the artist saw it. The relation between the ornament and the world in general was no concern of the Pre-Raphaelite. What did concern him was its relation to himself.

This supremely individual outlook was quite foreign to Watts' temperament. He could never separate himself from the world, nor look at objects entirely through his own eye. He was too much one with humanity to have the power of detachment in any strong degree; too wishful to serve his race to employ a focus which others could not use. Thus while the Pre-Raphaelite tried to realize himself for the sake of pure beauty or the satisfaction of his soul, Watts tried to realize himself for the sake of others. Though his pictures are full of idealism they are never neglectful of the needs of mankind, and in his finest flights he never loses touch with intellect. He soars, but he takes Reason and Remembrance with him as his pilots. His paintings are thus often didactic, but they are also the history of his own aspirations, and in his great allegorical

pictures, such as *Love and Death*, *Love and Life* or *Love Triumphant*, he did not fear nobly to entrust his soul as well as his art to the nation. "Do you know Watts," Ruskin wrote in 1857; "to my mind the only real painter of history or thought we have in England? A great fellow, or I am much mistaken—great as one of these Savoy knots of rock, and we suffer the clouds to lie upon him, with thunder and famine at once, in the thick of them."

In 1867 Watts was made an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in the end of the same year he became a full R.A. Fame and fortune were now his, but they did not weaken the splendid energy which had carried him through life. Work was still his greatest delight and to the very end of his career he was busy over some high task.

At eighty-two he began a bust of Lord Tennyson, which took five years to finish. Nothing could daunt his courage and he laughed at the limitations of old age. At dawn on 21st June 1903 he went downstairs saying: "This is the longest day. I mean to work through it." As the calendar goes, he was then eighty-six, but calendars are poor things to set beside a personality which time in vain tried to wither.

"Grandeur of form and dignity of line," Watts once said, were the qualities at which he aimed. They appear very clearly in one of his later works, the famous statue, *Physical Energy*, which now stands on the Matoppos Hills. This statue, where a youth sits astride a restive horse, was only finished by Watts in the year of his death, and was intended as a memorial to Cecil Rhodes, whose character he greatly admired.

In his later years many honours were offered to Watts. He twice refused a baronetcy, and though in 1902 he

accepted the newly created order of O.M., all decorations and compliments were valueless in his eyes compared with the appreciation and love of the nation to whose service he had devoted his art. He believed most sincerely that art is imperishable. What he had done, he had done for all time, and though at eighty-five he declared he was "only just beginning to understand how to paint," he could cast his eye over the many pictures on his walls and feel that he had never laboured meanly, nor worked with less than the whole of his strength. None of his gifts had been frittered away. Honest in his labour and noble in his ambition, he reaped as he had sown, and fearing nothing save "an unaccomplished end" he toiled gladly at his work till the summer of 1904, when Death gently took the brush from his hand.

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